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The Genteel Tradition at Bay. II. By George Santayana, on page 518

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Reluctant Reviewers

FOR a supposedly thick-skinned and certainly a noisy people, Americans make extraordinarily reticent reviewers. Every literary editor knows how hard it is to get his critics to speak out. If they are young, they will be malicious without encouragement, if they are old, they will often be ill natured or patronizing, but when there is need for frank and honest speaking, something restrains them. It may be the tolerance of an easy-going civilization, it may be a democratic deference to a public that does not like strong opinions, it may be some sense of inferiority of the high brow in a low-brow civilization which makes him hesitate to speak his full mind for fear of rebuke. Whatever the cause, every editor knows that the review he publishes is often more, but sometimes less, favorable than the writer's unqualified opinions, and in the case of mildly unfavorable reviews particularly, every editor has his letters which repeat, "Of course this is a terrible book, but I have said the best I can for it."

The merciful reader may answer that since reviewers are fallible creatures, some hesitation before damning a book is a thing to thank God for. It may be better to let ninety-nine books escape from chastisement than to have one book unjustly crucified. Yes, but the critic is neither judge nor jury; he does not have the final word; at the most he is an advisor. And if he lets ninety-nine weaklings escape his strictures, his function as a sanitary officer is certainly not discharged.

We do not ask for more severe reviewing, or more enthusiastic reviewing, but only for more completely honest reviewing. The critic should be asked to say neither more nor less than he means, but, after deliberation and refinement of the first emotions of predilection or prejudice, to say it with neither favor nor fear. There is indeed nothing to justify reticence unless it is distrust of the editor's willingness to publish unfavorable reviews, or that reluctance to come out against other opinions which results in the drab neutral from which no one dissents.

* * *

Perhaps the blare and ballyhoo of modern book advertising has something to do with this reticence. The writer may hesitate to say all he feels for some quiet perfection of art he has plucked from obscurity while less modest books are being shouted about in letters three inches high. Or he sees in imagination the severities he wishes to write about some book he believes to be "tripe" set opposite a quotation from the world's best blurber, declaring "great," what he feels to be pretentious or mean.

Would anonymity help this vice of book reviewing? The dangers of anonymity are well known to scholars who have studied the famous English quarterlies. Anonymous blasts nipped many tender talents in the nineteenth century, and political spite or artistic jealousy flourished under the appearance of scholarship whose bias the mere mention of a name would have exposed. Yet the poison of one age may become a purge for the next. It may be that in a time like ours, when parties and classes have become fluid and the individual counts for less and the general public for more, the shelter of anonymity, properly safeguarded by editorial responsibility, would induce a greater frankness of individual opinion. The intellectual in America (and critics are by necessity intellectuals) does not like too much publicity, does not care to have his important opinions always associated with his less important name, shrinks in distaste from the kind of prominence which sponsors for cigarettes and cough drops enjoy. He knows most of the authors and thinks them good fellows, underpaid and overworked. To come out with hot damns or fervid enthusiasms seems a little too much like loud-voiced talking at the dinner table. Under his own name, he becomes reticent when he should be outspoken, or, by a readily comprehensible inversion, exhibits his own personality when he should be sticking to his business of thorough-going criticism. Anonymity would help him.

But whether the American public, even that intelligent fraction of the American public which reads book reviews, would be willing to accept the authority of the journal publishing a review, instead of clamoring for the name and distinctions of the reviewer, is a question we should like to ask our readers. If they could trust to the responsibility of the editor and the internal evidence of the reviews, they would probably get better criticism than is just now being written in the United States.

I Have Seen Beauty...

By DON MARQUIS

I HAVE seen Beauty as a morning star,
Too exquisite to stay the garish dawn,
Move down the dim ways that the shadows are
In crystal victory ere it be withdrawn;
I have seen Beauty as a valiant wing
Strike one white blow against a darkling sky
Of storm, a throbbing thing, a gleaming thing
All overwhelmed, that leaps and turns to die—
I have seen Beauty as a woman's brow
Held banner-like her beaten heart above,
Which bleeds among the trampled overthrow
And broken shields of some lost cause of love!
Be still, O haughty trumpets of success!
Your conqueror is conquered loveliness.

This Week

"Philip Eulenburg" and "Kaiser and Chancelor."
Reviewed by POULTNEY BIGELOW.

"The Realm of Matter."
Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN.

"Education of a Princess."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"Some Folks Won't Work."
Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

"Mackerel Sky."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

John Mistletoe, XXII.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Sinclair Lewis and the Nobel Prize.
By ERIK AXEL KARLFELDT.

Next Week

The Genteel Tradition at Bay. III.
By GEORGE SANTAYANA.

The Emperor's Court*

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

SUCH books as these are highly controversial and merit discussion from several angles. My own views are in opposition to those of many honest Germans and most of my English and American friends; and I console myself by reflecting on the many changes in popular opinion during even my short span of years. Not long ago William II was held in almost universal abhorrence because we guaged him by the newspapers which printed the usual war fabrications. At last we know how those tales were invented and circulated; and at last we, who profess to be historians, rejoice in finding that such books as those of Nowak and Haller can be profitably published in English, and let us hope that they lead ultimately to an impartial history of Germany since the accession of William II in 1888.

In these volumes Prince Eulenburg is referred to as "The Kaiser's Friend"; as though this distinction implied that William II had no others or none quite so important. Perhaps Professor Haller was intentionally ironical or his American publisher eager for an attractive title. In either case this friendship ended abruptly when in 1907 Eulenburg was prosecuted and imprisoned on a charge of homosexual practises. The charges were not proven, his wife remained loyal to him, and the proceedings throughout bore the character of political persecution rather than judicial impartiality.

But the friendship of Eulenburg and his Kaiser, unlike that between Frederick the Great and Voltaire, was never patched up afterwards. The whilom favorite companion and political mentor died in 1921—having lived to see the shameful treaty of Versailles and the fulfilment of his most cheerless prophecies.

Shortly before his death he made this confession:

> It will always be a puzzle to me how Germany could come to such utter grief as she did in the sphere of statecraft and diplomacy. . . . Bismarck destroyed what he sincerely wished to foster by the fact that he always, at home and abroad, appeared in uniform.

Eulenburg was over seventy when he penned this valedictory admission. His memory may have weakened, or maybe he did not anticipate so unsparing a biographer as Professor Haller.

Yet we welcome the book as laying bare the poisonous atmosphere in which William II lived—a court full of self seekers—of professional soldiers who never contradicted—of salaried bureau clerks who flattered him and then called him names behind his back. As we lay down the book we marvel—not that the Kaiser committed so many blunders, but that Germany was able to make any progress at all during his reign of thirty years.

And what remarkable progress!

Where in the whole world is there another example of prosperity more striking than that between 1888 and 1918? The war I include advisedly, for Germany then showed her power to hold in check the rest of Europe in arms. Her shells fell in Paris and her troops might again have paraded the Champs Elysées had not America at the eleventh hour turned

* PHILIP EULENBURG. The Kaiser's Friend. By JOHANNES HALLER. Translated by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. 1930. $10.

* KAISER AND CHANCELOR. The Opening Years of the Reign of Kaiser William II. By KARL FRIEDRICH NOWAK. Translated by E. W. DICKES. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $3.50.

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the scales in favor of—Democracy and—Bolshevism?

The Kaiser is now blamed for all that went wrong. Should he not be credited with what went right when he was at the helm? Must we deny that under him his country challenged the world in the field of transportation—railway, canal, aviation, and shipping on the seven seas? His country was a model of internal organization especially in the field of education, scientific research, and the government of cities.

Yet we quote Eulenburg—not as history, but as material out of which the historian can find some valuable help. Eulenburg was honest and represented one class and one set of ideas. But whoever uses these volumes, should read on the other side also. Remember also that Eulenburg was of the so-called artistic temperament, brilliant when in good humor, an accomplished musician, a poet and also a dramatist of merit. As host he entertained handsomely and what was most important, the Emperor found him agreeable personally—vastly more so than the others in his very formal and military environment.

In 1899 Eulenburg wrote from aboard the Kaiser's yacht a confidential note to Prince Bülow retailing a conversation with his Imperial friend. In those days he regarded Bülow as another "dearest friend." In this conversation he hinted to the Kaiser that he must restrain himself more, that his utterances were open to misconstruction, and that there were signs in South Germany of serious discontent which might mean disloyalty—even revolution.

> The Emperor looked very grave and asked with whom such ideas could originate. I answered, very firmly, that I did not wish to give any names for I possessed no proofs. . . . But I could tell his Majesty of something said to me by Cardinal Hohenlohe, whom his Majesty had greatly revered.
>
> Shortly before the Cardinal's death he had said to me very earnestly: "I know that you are absolutely devoted to the Emperor and moreover in a position to give him really outspoken advice. Tell him to be very much on his guard, very careful. I know for a positive fact that the idea of declaring him to be irresponsible for his actions has been widely discussed; and that very many persons, among them highly placed ones, would be willing to support such a proceeding. You must warn the Emperor."
>
> Very much against his wont the Emperor did not break off with a joke or some strong language *à la* Royal Regiment of Guards. No—he was very thoughtful for some time. In his eleven years of sovereignty the Emperor has outwardly grown much quieter. We, on our eleventh Norwegian cruise, have been very much struck by the alteration. But psychologically speaking there is not the slightest change. He is the same explosive being, if not even more violent and unaccountable from his sense of being more experienced—which in fact he is not in the smallest degree. His individuality prevails over the effects of experience.
>
> He does not belong to our times—and in all times there have been natures which broke the frame of their epoch. Real genius shapes the age to its own pattern; weaker spirits are ground in the mill.
>
> When so markedly eccentric a nature dominates a realm there cannot but be convulsions; and we are heading straight for a period which will decide whether the age or the Emperor is the stronger. I am afraid that it will not be he, for at the moment his strength consists chiefly in the skill of his advisers, especially you (Bülow!)"
>
> I close this long letter feeling wretched and sick at heart . . . The poor dear sovereign is more alone than ever . . . I summoned all my courage and spoke almost word for word as follows. . . . "The parties, usually so divided, are united in embitterment against Your Majesty."
>
> The Emperor said: "That's nothing new. If I could fight Bismarck for eight years, no one else is going to frighten me" . . . Afterwards the Emperor recurred to our talk and said: "When I get back to Germany I shall make Bülow set the press on the lunatics who see in me the absolutist Emperor. Have I ever taken a single step which could be said to infringe the Constitution? Never! How on earth do peaple get hold of such ideas?"

In June of 1900 the Kaisers *chargé* in Pekin was murdered; and on July 27th was uttered an imperial speech in the presence of his troops then embarking for China. On this Eulenburg wrote:

> He took the murder of Ketteler as a personal insult and wanted the troops to avenge it! As I knew that reporters from Berlin must have arrived to see the troops depart I sent a request through some police officials that they would come to me on board the *Hohenzollern* and arranged it so as that they should miss the Emperor's speech. I was most polite to them and told them that His Majesty was very much upset by the insult put upon the German nation. He had told me, I added, pretty much what he had intended to say. I then read them the speech which they took down in short hand.

But the Kaiser did not speak as Eulenburg pretended that he would—he rarely did. On the contrary he used fierce words, such as: "Give no quarter"—"Blood for blood."

That speech did immense wrong to the Kaiser for the press drew the inference that he was cruel and favored a war waged in the manner of legendary Huns.

Much more does Eulenburg relate of imperial blundering and palace intrigues evoked by jealousy of him and his influence at court. We are from page to page instructed that from the very moment of his accession William II was in daily danger of a ministerial crisis if not a bloody revolution; and that if these did not prove disastrous it was because at his elbow stood one with Godlike prescience and a gift of language little short of miraculous. Eulenburg persistently proclaims his own loyalty and above all his moral courage in telling his Emperor what others feared to utter.

All this doubtless reflected the Eulenburg mind; but if half he wrote was true then has he made for us a picture of German court life which is calculated to make the reader think of Prussian officers as painfully lacking in the honor we associate with a soldier and a gentleman.

He does not say that William II was a lunatic, but he writes of him frequently as of one so impetuous and unreasonable as to appear on the edge of a nervous breakdown. "Preserve us from our friends—I can handle my enemies!" Many have ejaculated that sentiment since Byron.

Granted, then, that the Kaiser has been guilty of unreasonable explosions. What of it? Show me a list of the great leaders—from Alexander to Napoleon—from Anthony Wayne to Marschall Vorwaerts and I'll show you a goodly percentage of men whom their contemporaries called crazy. Had Lindbergh been lost in the Atlantic he too would have been accused of insanity; Fulton was looked on askance until the first steamboat reached Albany.

It is a hopeful sign that such books as this of Eulenburg can today find readers in America. The Kaiser asks not for praise, much less would he avoid criticism. But history clamors for the truth and such works as this of Eulenburg are of real service to Clio.

* * *

While Professor Haller's two volumes are an elaborate and valuable contribution to our knowledge of William II and his court they also serve to rehabilitate the much persecuted Prince Eulenburg in the world's opinion. To him the matter is of little consequence for he died in 1921; but history owes it to his descendants that he be declared innocent or at least, that the verdict be "not proven." The charges that forced Prince Eulenburg out of public life are the same that caused Major General Sir Hector MacDonald to commit suicide in 1903. Each of these men was far above the average in physical, mental, and spiritual gifts; and each of them became a target for him who seeks to magnify himself by dragging down an aristocrat.

Let me also add that the translations are excellent; the illustrations really illustrate, each has an index, and finally that the publishers deserve credit also for their share, particularly in typography.

Herr Nowak has also done an important book on the first few years of the Kaiser's reign. I say "important" because the book is in contrast with such misleading historical romance or propaganda as is associated with ephemeral "best sellers" labeled Emil Ludwig. Of Mr. Nowak I know nothing personally; he belongs to a new generation, his name is not even in the 1930 edition of my German Encyclopedia. Yet the Emperor has placed at his disposal much material, for which the author expresses gratitude in his preface. His Majesty has also had an opportunity of reading the MSS before publication, but has preferred to let Mr. Nowak reap all the glory, as he must necessarily bear also the brunt of any criticism. He cannot henceforth shield himself behind the exile of Doorn.

Nowak portrays the home life of the prospective Kaiser as paralleled only by that of the Great Frederick, when as a boy he contemplated an escape, even a suicide. It's a sad grey picture that, that of those first years at Potsdam—the twelve first ones. We are told that his mother hated him; that his father dared not interfere.

> It was difficult to say which of the two parents sinned the more in the bringing up of their son. The mother applied unrelenting severity as a means of ripening and strengthening the frail boy. . . . The father stood aside, left her to do as she would.

And now comes a picture of Hinzpeter—, his tutor— "a dogmatic Spartan who considered laughter as a superfluous element in boyhood" . . . "he had his own positive ideals, stiff and bony as himself" . . . "devoid of humor, strict with himself, a dry idealist who became a pedant the moment he began to set his ideas in order, he reduced all morality to two things—duty and abstention. His face had no life in it, his sharp cut features damped down all enthusiasm in advance and made a dogma of dour correctness, etc., etc., etc. . . "

Mr. Nowak makes here admirable pen pictures for a prospective dramatist who must have deep shadows before the curtain is raised upon a scene of sunshine and triumph. During those years I was myself in Potsdam and had also a tutor much resembling Hinzpeter. Both were very learned and very conscientious educators. Hinzpeter preserved the love of his Imperial pupil until his lamented death in 1907—past ninety years of age. My own beloved Professor Schillbach remained in constant friendship and correspondence until he also passed away. Yet in either case we could if we chose make ourselves out martyrs of pedagogical severity. I saw much of Hinzpeter in my Potsdam years (1871, 1872) and romped much with his princely pupil. The Kaiser himself has written most vividly of those early years and in my book: "The German Emperor" are many first-hand records about which Mr. Nowak evidently knew nothing. Nor has he referred to my "Seventy Summers" in his Bibliography.

And so I can imagine a mysterious reticence on the part of William II when Mr. Nowak solicited official sanction for his highly colored and very readable biography.

Hinzpeter was for ten years tutor in the family of Frederic III, then Crown Prince, and from then on was treated with affectionate regard by the pupil who soon after became Emperor. Indeed, so strong was this personal affection, that on my first meeting the Kaiser after his accession in 1888, he urged me to stop over at Bielefeld and visit his former tutor—which I did.

But Nowak's book is important, as are all such books when honestly done. The only book I hate is that by him who writes for money.

We have here also a vivid picture of how the illustrious Count von Arnim was insidiously driven from court and condemned to the penitentiary on a charge of treason. The son of that Count married an English lady whose writings have enriched our literature. I refer of course to the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden"—now Countess Russell. The elder Count Arnim became a victim of Bismarckian jealousy, much as Eulenburg was also offered up as a sop to popular clamor—and Holstein.

Bismark employed this Baron Holstein as an attaché in Paris when Arnim was Ambassador. The old chancelor sought for evidence on which he could cook up a charge of disloyalty or constructive treason. Holstein at first hesitated—and said to Bismarck: "Your Highness, it smells of espionage." But Bismarck soon overcame all his scruples and Holstein's political fortune was made from this dirty moment.

> The service he had rendered was recognized by the chancelor. But from the day of his return every acquaintance at his Club cut him. He was just a spy—no one would shake hands with him. He returned a third and a fourth time to the club; there was no change. The many Counts von Arnim, their cousins, their friends were stronger than even Bismarck's efforts for his protegé. The spy was not only ostracized, he was quietly driven out of the Club. . . .
>
> By nature he was a seeker after the good things in life. But now life had thrown him out of her great reception room into the ante room. He went no more to the club—no more into society at all. He would not even order an evening dress suit from his tailor. He withdrew entirely, took a simple lodging, received no one, had no valet. An old woman looked after the needs of this ex-cavalier and hedonist. Two consolations only still held him to life: Prince Bismarck and work in the Foreign Ministry.

It is material for a moving drama—strong, individual, wicked, virtuous, all marked with Dickensesque vividness, each character sketched ready to take the stage and stir us in extremes of emotion. Nowak's book is good—I had almost said too good—too well adapted to the stage.

H. W. Nevinson, writing not long ago in the *Manchester Guardian*, *said*: "There are some books which I can reread every five or ten years and find always new. Not that they have changed, but that I have changed. Such books, I mean, as the 'Odyssey,' the 'Agamemnon,' the 'Troades,' the 'Clouds'; parts of the poets Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Juvenal, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, and Wordsworth; and parts of the prose writers Thucydides, Tacitus, Sir Thomas Browne, Swift, and Carlyle. Those names are all enshrined, and one must approach them with awe and a delighted reverence that increases with increasing years. But to them I could now add some of my own contemporaries. For our century has already been singularly rich in great writers, almost as rich as was that Victorian age which some of my fellows affect to despise."

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The Origins of Spirit

THE REALM OF MATTER. By GEORGE SANTAYANA. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

FAITHFUL readers of Mr. George Santayana have these last years been troubled a little by the eloquent adieu he seemed to be bidding to all the furniture of Heaven and Earth and all the sphere of mortal concerns. That homesickness for Platonism which has in him been discernible from the beginning began in "Platonism and the Spiritual Life" to turn into an actual going home. In "The Realm of Essence," mingled with a not always clear psychology and a metaphysics far from easy, sounded the unmistakable note of Pure Spirit, and the theme of free and bodiless Intuitions beholding Essences timeless and pure.

Mr. Santayana once long ago played ironically with Matthew Arnold's comment on Shelley "as an ineffectual angel beating his luminous wings in the void in vain." It was a notation some of his more carnal readers were beginning to make on the margins of his own thought. Even the less carnal ones were indeed beginning to regret the apparent passing of that naturalistic sanity and sensible consciousness of earth and sky and the things between them which marked "The Life of Reason," the realism which disciplined Santayana's eloquence, and gave pertinence to his most lofty flights. He seemed latterly to have fled not simply from America, but from earth itself to some interstellar Nirvana, the Alone, soliloquizing in a style, at once passionate and impeccable, upon the Alone, "loving too much to be ever imprisoned, understanding too much to be ever in love."

"The Realm of Matter," the second volume in the enterprise of analysis of the Realms of Being that Mr. Sanatayana has set himself, is sufficient reassurance. Mr. Santayana's feet are, where they always have been, on the ground, and his eyes, though they scan the heavens and see, perhaps beyond them, have taken note in their time,—and still do—of infra-celestial things. "The Realm of Matter," for all its celebration of spirit, "has now conceived how it came into existence and how it is the natural light by which existence in its waking moments understands itself."

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Mr. Santayana has in other words returned, though we were mistaken, perhaps who supposed he had ever quit, to his initial and enduring wisdom, to his comprehensive sense that there is a world with its own order of genesis, a realm of matter. Spirit discovers, so far as it is possible or needful, its urgent or compulsory objects, as well as the organs ailing or healthful which give it play. Santayana has studied in other places, as incidentally he studies here, the objects with which spirit is concerned and the meaning of spirituality. He is here more exclusively concentrating upon the origins of spirit and the conditions which give it birth, perspective, fuel, and possibility. The skylark and his song have preoccupied him more elsewhere. He is intent in this volume upon reminding the reader of the earth from which the skylark rises, the earthly origins of its song, and the natural conditions of its singing.

In an essay on "My Friendly Critics" some years ago Santayana advanced the suggestion that he was the only honest and thoroughgoing materialist. But his materialism is far from being identical with or dependent upon that tight nineteenth century mechanism which has now long ceased to be in vogue even among physicists. Except that he prefers to avoid words with rhetorical or false poetical associations he might, as he remarks in his preface, have used the word nature or revolution instead of matter. Matter is his name for something very like that *phuesis* which is the condition of all action and understanding and the dynamic source of all spiritual life. It is fertile, generative, and contingent. Matter is (the pun is almost inevitable) Mater Genetrix. However refined into intelligence sensibility may become, however contemplative and detached spirit may think itself, matter is its source and its condition and provides its occasion and its themes.

Santayana's "Realm of Matter," therefore, provides a double corrective. It is a cure for that materialism that is merely abstractionism turned into idolatry, a worship under the name of Law of some observed regularities in the various and generative flux. If he is a materialist, he is yet one who recognizes of how much novelty, creation, and dreaming infinitudes matter is capable. He is much more like Lucretius in his pæan to Venus than to Democritus or even to Lucretius in his atomic scheme. If he accents that candle which is the body, he does it, like Aristotle, in many ways his master, to remind us simply of the conditions of that flame which is the soul and which alone gives the candle worth. He thinks nature must be explored to be understood and must be understood, if life, certainly if spiritual life, is to flourish. But he does not think the understanding is rigid or mathematical, or that nature is anything less or other ultimately than a mystery.

But his materialism is a corrective also to hasty appreciations or egotistical idealisms. The reader is reminded again and again of those various forms of evasion or delusion by which idealists in love with essences persuade themselves that their love or contemplation of them has no natural conditions or material origins. He neatly pictures those egotistical philosophers so in love with a private consciousness that they try to pretend through psychologism that there can be consciousness without objects or psychical, that is, mental life, without material conditions.

No one could be more deeply in love with essences, the infinite catalogue of eternal forms, nor more devoted to their tranquil, almost Buddhistic, contemplation, than Mr. Santayana. But he is more

Illustration, by Donald McKay, for Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (Random House).
See page 526.

than enough of a realist, sceptical and humble, to refrain himself, to ask others to refrain, from converting ideals into facts and forms into powers. Platonism inhabits a heaven of forms, but Santayana reminds us that that heaven is one of the imagination or of intellectual insight, and that imagination and insight are both engendered and nourished by the natural world.

One of the finest single chapters in this volume is that on the Psyche where Santayana in a few paragraphs, apparently merely poetical, packs more illumination than is crowded into a dozen volumes of the ordinary or even the most fashionable psychological theories. What could be neater, for example, than his description of the psyche (which is for him largely what it is for Aristotle, the entelechy of the body, a trope, a pattern, a complex habit in matter) as it understands itself:

> Of her life as a whole the Psyche is aware only as we are aware of the engines and the furnaces of a ship in which we travel half asleep or chattering on deck.

Many psycho-analysts have said less in a dozen pages or a dozen volumes.

But the book as a whole with its insistence as firm as it is genial, on the material conditions of the life of the spirit, of the natural genesis of understanding and of the objects of understanding, reminds one again of the paradox in Santayana's thinking, a paradox characteristic of every sensitive modern, though in Santyana expressed with unusual subtlety. There is always the naturalist's honest sense of conditioning realities, there is always the Platonist's half happy, half nostalgic turning toward those eternal essences which mortal things may transiently embody, and which spirit, in any individual being also mortal, may momentarily behold, the fated mortal partnership in immortal things. Even in this volume, where the theme is the realm of matter, Santayana cannot help commemorating once more the essences toward which the free or the relatively free spirit turns and the timeless essences which it beholds.

The author's concern in this analysis of realms of being may be compared, if so fastidious a work of literature may be compared with so banal a work of music, with the Poet and Peasant Overture. At least the title of the latter is appropriate to Santayana's theme. It is the poet in him that turns so often and broods so persistently upon these infinite lights of essence, clear, abiding and *non-existent*. It is the poet in him that is thus preoccupied with the infinite realm of forms which the thinker may discern in existence or, not discerning, may imagine or conceive.

But it is the peasant in him, the sturdy child of nature, who realizes and remembers always the soil which nurtures the poet, and is ultimately if sometimes obliquely the source of his most unearthly visions. Yet even where the *motif* is, as in this volume, that of the peasant, it is a lyrical peasant who speaks, a poet who has made for the moment his earth and the realm of matter his theme.

It would be trivial or insulting at this late date to praise at length Mr. Santayana's style. But at some date and soon by some one there should be an attempt to analyze and define the miracle of this instrument of his at once so just, so eloquent, and so serene. It is a style that in one sense has betrayed him. For readers have frequently reduced his finalities of thought to mere felicities of utterance, forgetting that in great literature as in great music the two are profoundly one.

Remembered in Tranquillity

EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS. A Memoir by MARIE, GRAND DUCHESS OF RUSSIA. New York: The Viking Press. 1931.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

A FEW weeks ago, on the screen of a little Times Square "movietone" theatre, Marie, grand-daughter of Alexander II of Russia, and niece of Nicholas II, appeared in a five-minute talk in which she spoke of the change that had taken place in her fortunes and her determination to succeed in the job at which she is now working in New York. It was a good little talk, in its mingling of modesty and pride; there was everything in the young Grand Duchess's pluck and tragic experience to touch the sympathies of her audience, but she was ill at ease and had an unhappy way of breaking the continuity of her words, every sentence or two, with a hesitating "A-a-a . . ."

This mannerism, so natural in the circumstances, had, on the screen, all the effect of premeditated burlesque. First the crowd tittered; before the unsuspecting Grand Duchess was through, fat men in thick overcoats were bellowing aloud.

On the same bill was Mr. Shaw. He bragged about himself and his plays; turned himself about, front-face, both profiles, backview; acted the clown, in short, but with such ease, grace, distinction, such an air of smiling down at a squirming mass of Liliputians, that the house listened with deference and chuckled its admiring delight. In that curious place and moment, it was the Grand Duchess who was merely a diffident, rather awkward woman of forty, and the British Socialist who had the air which kings should, but so rarely do have, in everyday life.

The little episode was, of course, merely one of those common examples of the theatre's peculiar values, of the unconscious cruelty of the theatre audience. But reading the Grand Duchess Marie's reminiscences, one may see behind it, I think, something more than that—see that strange, repressed, often wounded, childhood; that royal isolation and education which, as Marie now looks back at it, tended to atrophy rather than to develop natural powers and produced "an inferiority complex against which I had to fight"; that macabre marriage to a foreign prince, with whom, as with his people, she remained spiritually a stranger; a whole train of absurd, pitiful, tragi-comic episodes which make the personal life of this Russian Grand Duchess a sort of museum-piece of the repressions of the Victorian era and of the wrong-headed, anachronistic, and unreal existence, into which the members of the Romanoff family were driven in those bat-eyed decades immediately preceding the Great War.

It is through this part of her story that the Grand Duchess Marie makes her most valuable contribution to the history of the time. All of the story is interesting, for it is all well written and part of an unusual life, but there have been innumerable memoirs

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and volumes of letters and political happenings have been raked over from every side by those better able to speak of them with authority. Her experiences in her hospital unit at Pskov, for example, after she had annulled her marriage with the Swedish prince and begun to "live her own life," however vital to Marie herself, differ in degree rather than in kind from those of other young women who found in their war service a hitherto untouched reality. Her escape from Russia and subsequent adventures do not differ essentially from the experiences of many of the more fortunate Russian emigrés.

The really unique part of her narrative is the picture which the Grand Duchess gives of her childhood and home life—or lack of it—and of the royal personages whom she knew as her cousins and aunts. Her view of the killing of Rasputin throws a slightly different light on certain aspects of that conspiracy in which her brother, Dmitri, took part, but one may learn more that is significant, perhaps, of the whole Rasputin episode in the indirect interpretation of the Empress's baffling character and personality which is found in Marie's intimate portrait of her "Aunt Ella," the wife of the Grand Duke Serge and the Empress's older sister.

The two sisters must have had much in common. "Aunt Ella," too, was beautiful, shy, and superficially cold, similarly ill at ease in the world, with a somewhat similar turgid, brooding, morbidly intense inner life. The little Marie, left without a mother when a mere baby, and without a father when her adored parent, the Grand Duke Paul, was exiled because of his second marriage, was sent to Moscow with her brother, Dmitri, to live with their Aunt Ella and Uncle Serge. Once, the lonely child, seeing her aunt in a particularly becoming white muslin dress with her hair gathered, unbound, at the nape of her neck, by a bow of black silk, exclaimed, "Oh! Auntie, you look like the picture of a little page in a fairy story!" Aunt Ella turned to the English nurse, Nellie Fry, and "spoke in a dry, sharp tone: 'Fry, you must really teach her not to make personal remarks,' and swept away." Another time, "mute before the spectacle" of Aunt Ella in court dress, ablaze with jewels, "I raised myself to the tips of my toes and placed a kiss full of devotion on the back of her white neck, directly under a magnificent necklace heavy with sapphires. She said nothing, but I could see her eyes, and the cold, hard look in them chilled me to the heart."

This was the same Aunt Ella who went more or less crazy over nursing wounded, "displayed incredible heroism" when her husband was assassinated by terrorists, and finally found comparative emotional equilibrium in a religious order. After her husband's death, she gave the foster-children the love which before that had been locked in by a curious jealousy. There is a priceless picture of her trying, with her ladies, in the garden of the country house at Ilinskoie, to read Dostoievsky.

She did not know enough Russian to read it herself; one of the ladies read it aloud to her. And so great was my aunt's fear of details too realistic that she would permit no one to attend these readings! . . . At this period she read only English books and chose her authors with great caution.

It was "Aunt Ella" who arranged the unhappy marriage with Prince William of Sweden. However the young Grand Duchess, then only seventeen, might shiver at the prospect (the nice, if slightly stiff, young Prince was as helpless as she), the conventions of her caste and time compelled Marie to write her father that she was "madly in love." That whole story is another museum-piece of what such royal marriages frequently must be. One cannot forget that tragi-comic honeymoon through France, with motor tires blowing out every few miles, the new Princess in the long, hot skirts of the period, with a hat perched on top of a high coiffure and refusing to stay there, the thick veil with which it was lashed full of dust and cramping her neck; nor the glimpse of her, when they finally reached Paris, late at night, throwing her arms around the neck of Zhdanov, her brother's old valet, "trembling with joy."

It was poor humans like these (other members of the family are no less illuminating than "Aunt Ella," in their different ways) tangled in their curious repressions and complexes, completely isolated from the vital life of their country, who were called on to rule autocratically the vast and bewildering continent of Russia. They were reared in the idea that Russia was "the bearer of some special ideals, the purity and loftiness of which the West could never understand, and certainly never attain. Russia was thus permitted, in our eyes, to be centuries behind the times in terms of progress, yet eternally superior."

Western ideas filtered through, nevertheless, were taken up by the voluable intelligentsia, who were thereupon suppressed and turned into enemies of the very state, which, under happier auspices, they might have helped to build. The rest is the history of the deluge, from which, out of all those unhappy relatives, each of whom loved what to him was "Russia," Marie, whom old-fashioned Russians sometimes called "the madcap Grand Duchess," was one of the few permitted to survive.

Remediable Tragedy?

SOME FOLKS WON'T WORK. By CLINCH CALKINS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $1.50.

Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS
University of Chicago

THE greatest barrier in the way of reducing unemployment is the indifference of the comfortable classes who in our society direct industry and form public opinion. They have unconsciously invented defense mechanisms to salve their consciences by repeating to themselves that men are out of jobs because they are not really looking for work and that families are in distress solely because they will not save. These comfortably situated men and women are immune to statistics and cling to their delusions all the more ardently because at times they have uneasy feelings that perhaps there are impersonal causes of human misery and of unemployment.

Only poignant case studies of men and their families who suffer through no fault of their own from unemployment can break through this protective armor of self-satisfaction. It is the supreme merit of this book that it presents in a sensitive and moving manner the actual stories of how unemployment affected many families all over the country even before the dark winter of 1929-30 had set in upon us. The material was gathered by residents of over a hundred settlements in different cities of the country under the competent direction of Miss Helen Hall of Philadelphia, and has been edited in its preent form by Miss Calkins. Only those cases were included where the worker had lost his job through no fault of his own and the material was collected, it should be remembered, before the business depression set in and when we were supposedly enjoying prosperity. And yet the impression of human misery which is gained from these accounts is both piercing and overwhelming. Savings are swept away and families crippled with debt. Mothers are forced to work outside their homes and to neglect their families. Babies are stunted and on occasion starve. Family relations frequently break and mental as well as physical diseases multiply. The futures of large groups of families are irretrievably crippled. And shining through all the cruel strain can be seen humor and bravery, infinite pathos, and a moving sense of tragedy—greater to me at least than that which I find even in Greek drama.

I wish that everyone with an assured income could be made to read this book. And in particular, I should like to make it compulsory for at least three groups of people. First, for that "army of the indolent good" whom John Morley long ago marked out as the chief supporters of evil in the modern world and who so largely permeate all middle class society. Secondly, for all legislators and men in public office who have it in their power to give us a decent system of public employment offices and to substitute a self-respecting system of insurance for our present humiliating, uncertain, and inadequate distribution of doles. And finally, for the industrialists who have it partially in their power to lessen unemployment, and who if they withdrew their opposition could enable decent collective provisions such as employment offices and insurance to be put into effect.

Nearly a century ago, Thomas Carlyle in "Past and Present" tried in a somewhat similar manner and yet unsuccessfully to stamp a concern about unemployment on the conscience of British Philistia. I do not know whether Miss Hall, Miss Calkins, and their associates can succeed any better with our Philistines. They have done their best with complete veracity and without overstraining the truth. If the American middle class is not stirred to action by this book and by the multiplied horrors of the far worse conditions which are now settling about us, then it will have stamped itself as hard of heart and barren of sentiment It will have given further evidence of lacking that true culture of concerned kindliness for which no amount of humanistic veneer can ever be a substitute.

Changing Weather

MACKEREL SKY. By HELEN ASHTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MISS ASHTON in this "conversation piece," as she styles her chronicle of a few months in the lives of a young married couple, demonstrates again the remarkable carrying power of a method which is entirely free from flamboyance and exaggeration. Here, as in "Doctor Serocold," she compounds out of the small detail, the mixed emotions, and the often dull happening of daily intercourse a tale which achieves complete plausibility as a transcript from life. There is in it nothing of the heroic, little of excitement, and much of monotony, a leisurely progression of incidents and emotional situations which by their very commonplaceness lend it convincingness and appeal. Miss Ashton has no style in the rhetorical sense, but she imparts the very accent of actual conversation to the dialogues that carry so much of her story, and she has a straightforwardness of narrative that conveys scene and personality with unusual veracity. Her characters, realized through speech and incident, and not through description, attain a striking verisimilitude.

In its essence, "Mackerel Sky" is but one of a hundred recent novels which have portrayed the disillusionments, the friction, and the difficulties of adjustment of a marriage between two young persons whose wisdom is not sufficient to compass the frailties of temperament and whose love is not strongly enough buttressed by philosophy to withstand the pricks of disappointment. Gilbert, with the creative artist's instability of mood and the novelist's petulance with whatever interrupts the smooth functioning of the writing impulse, Elizabeth, with her business ability, her inefficient housekeeping, and her assumption of the role of financial provider have retained during their five years of married life moments of harmony and understanding, to be sure, yet live always on the edge of estrangement as a result of their self-absorption and impatience. Still loving each other, and desperately wanting to recover the first completeness of their love, they yet find themselves involved in quarrel after quarrel. Even as the reader dismisses them, happily reconciled to each other after the last and most serious breach, it is with a doubt which their author evidently shares when, speaking of Gilbert's mother she writes: "she said to herself, although with some misgiving, as the two figures passed out of sight, 'They'll be all right after this.'" Will they? Miss Ashton is too stern a realist and too competent an observer to be sure.

It is in the detachment of her portrayal, indeed, that Miss Ashton proves her strength. She is neither cynical nor sentimental, but wise and critical, with a sort of compassionate humor that lends to her story a breadth and interest denied to the many similar tales which lack its perspective on life. Her personalities are always in character, never heroic or tragic, merely very average human beings, foolish at times, pathetic or pitifully amusing at others, sharply individualized and yet having a thousand prototypes in life. All in all, "Mackerel Sky," though not so good a novel as "Doctor Serocold," not as well rounded, as artistically shaped, or as free from the trite and the repetitive, confirms the impression of that earlier book, that Miss Ashton is a writer of more than usual ability.

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe, XXII.

ONLY two blocks away from Lizzie Briers' boarding house they were digging the foundations of the new Altman store. That furious work, going on at night under pinkish flares, the drills screaming into solid rock, was a new kind of idea, very different from Oxford. Also looking for a job gives a boy a decent anxiety. His job-hunting period only lasted twelve days, he admits, but it made a strong impression on him. That ghastly feeling of uselessness, particularly walking up Fifth Avenue at dusk past club windows where excellent old gentlemen sat comfortably looking out, was very horrible. If I were ever a member of a Fifth Avenue club I should be more prudent, and not sit so close to the pane.

Mistletoe has often bragged that Elmer Davis, likewise just back from Oxford, was also hunting a job at the same time. They met several times in City Hall Park to compare notes, where the statue styled Civic Virtue now treads a heavy foot; though there seems no certainty whether Virtue is the treader or the trodden. Mr. Davis was also grieved by a lack of alacrity on the part of employers, but finally discovered an advertisement uttered by a nabob who wanted his son tutored. The tutor must be "a Harvard man, a high churchman, and an athlete." Readers of Mr. Davis's brilliant essays will have suspected that he is not the second of these; as a matter of fact he was none of the three. But his powers of persuasion are irresistible; he obtained the employment.

Of the day when he himself started work as a publisher's devil, Mistletoe best remembers that he suffered a strong dysentery going out in the Long Island train, from sheer nervousness. This was just at Floral Park and he remembers how brilliant the florist's fields of canna were on that September day. The only other literary association I can think of for Floral Park was the Easter blizzard of 1915, when some of Doubleday's editorial staff spent most of the night shivering in a snowdrifted train, and seriously considered making a bonfire of the manuscripts with which their briefcases were plentifully loaded.

* * *

Mistletoe's study of the *Times Book Review* had germinated notions, which the impact of New York jarred into premature birth. He was sitting in a barber's chair in the basement of the good old (still regretted) Park Avenue Hotel. A publishing idea struck him, of a desirable series of small and inexpensive manuals on various phases of American life. As he imagined them they should be crisp and inquisitive monographs, damaging to complacence and eavesdropping upon Futurity; a kind of introduction to the American uproar which he was desperately eager to understand. For even upon the naivest youth there must have been, in that autumn of 1913, some sense of a Question Mark written in the sky. The blaze and glamor of that Altman excavation, like the new Pennsylvania Station and the Panama Canal and rumors of a new poetry blowing across the latitudes, gave prickling premonition of all sorts of extraordinaries. Even to the green youth in the barber's chair this somehow penetrated. His publishing scheme was an idea which he himself was obviously too callow to develop, but under experienced editorship it might have been something. (The *Today and Tomorrow* series, ten years later, was a lively sprouting of a similar germ.) He was thrilled by his vague vision, and as the shave was now finished he ordered a face-massage (which he could ill afford) simply to remain in that warm and comfortable seat for thinking. It was a momentous barbering: under the tingle of those hot towels he decided that though two Pages had already evaded him he hadn't yet been turned down by any Doubledays. How many there might be he had no notion, but he began at the top with the Effendi himself. The publisher still smiles to remember the agitated aspirant who when asked "What kind of a job would you like best around this place," replied resolutely "Yours." So it was, in the words of the grand old Civil War poem, that he set his battle-flag "Amid the guns of Doubleday." It is not amiss here for the commentator to pay affectionate tribute to one of the greatest personalities of the world of print, who charitably divined some true publisher's passion behind the disorderly excitement of his petitioner. To take a young doctrinaire, with the milk of college still on his upper lip, and laboriously educate him into usefulness, is a slow and even (sometimes) an expensive task for employers. The young Rollo used to grind his teeth at the tardiness of a raise. After two years with only one small advance he went, in a fine frenzy, to assail the boss on this matter. He has not forgotten the skill with which the Effendi turned the tables. Mistletoe remarked that he thought it outrageous to be still working at a weekly figure which I will not specify, to avoid embarrassing them both. Effendi agreed. "You ought to be ashamed," he said, "not to have made yourself worth more than that." However he must have given private orders, for a Raise came through the next day. All this was very likely a benefit in disguise. If his income had been large enough to live on he would not have had to rub his wits against the stone to increase it from the midnight ink-bottle. At any rate by keeping a foot firmly and kindly on his neck for several years the Effendi taught him at least some awareness of realities.

* * *

So once again, by good hap, Mistletoe found himself in surroundings of remarkable delight. I cannot, at this distance, be systematic in narrating the charms of that great democratic alma mater known to its alumni as D. P. and Co. There can hardly be any kind of education more stimulating than the life of a big publishing house, which combines the brisk humors of commerce with the sentimental relish of the bibliophile. To one whose instinct moves that way there is endless interest in the whole process. From the mystic exhalation of possibility surrounding an unread manuscript, down to the tall piles of finished books in the huge stock-room, the entire cycle was fascination. The book trade, great as it has been, has hardly yet begun to glimpse its possibilities; still one sees the occasional Tory bookstore sitting still and waiting for customers to come to it, and the embittered bookseller who is too bored with life to read any books himself; still one sees the publisher overloading his list with tripe and uttering dull stereotyped advertising which by mere monotony of method fails to prick blood. It is a business which has its necessary disgusts and wearinesses; times when the whole world seems to wallow and founder in paper, and the dim crowded aisles of the stock room seem Heartbreak House. But it has a pleasant Bohemianism which prevents its young men from dwelling sadly upon irony and paradox. The entertainment of authors—"gruntling" was the excellent phrase invented by Mr. T. S. Stribling—has become more complex than in those simple pre-War days, but even in 1913 and 1914 there were innocent phases of social and convivial doings when young publishers and authors met together to spend an evening. Mistletoe and the colleague I have mentioned as Fred founded an irregular group known as the E. and M. Dining Club; I wish I had kept one of its little invitation cards which bore the emblem of a crossed knife and fork. They used to meet at Moretti's table-d'hote on 35th Street, next door to the Garrick Theatre. There the Old Reliable Moretti Dinner was 50 cents, *vin compris*. I can still see those battered tureens of strong minestrone, which were to us the new elixir of Bohemia. New York's wintry night glittered outside; above these microscopic creatures leaned the high amazing city blossoming its witch-fires of illusion, and as Fred polished the soup-steam from his goggles these happy youths would discuss the Spring List, or sit down with good old Bouck White to talk about his new book *The Carpenter and the Rich Man* and the possible perishing of our economic fabric. (Perhaps he was not so far wrong.) Thus, thinking (as all men should) that they were doing something utterly new, they entered into the happiest of brotherhoods, that of the Publisher's Young Men. There may be some jobs that a man can leave behind when he closes his desk; but not that one. It touches life at every tangent.

Another place of good memory was the old Yale Club (on 43rd or 44th Street, wasn't it?) of which Fred was a member. It had a shadowy tap-room heavily timbered with dark wood. Moretti's thin wine, or the humble creature small beer, were their wholesome tipple; cocktails and hard liquor were not then in the mode. The other day a very discreet and distinguished Lady Author, who is also the editor of a famous magazine, was to be honored by her publisher. He asked what would amuse her most, and she admitted that in her widely traveled career she had never visited a speakeasy. The publisher thought this should be rectified, and assigned three of his most talented aides to escort her for a ceremonial luncheon. They went first to a haunt of publishers which I will conceal under the name of the Bombay Bicycle Club. It was padlocked. They went to a second house of call; also padlocked; and a third with the same result. By this time they were all extremely hungry, and had a constitutional lunch at the Plaza. "But I mention no names," she said, narrating the adventure; "the publisher wouldn't like it." Considering the reputations involved I agreed it was better not to identify. "The publisher wouldn't like it," she repeated. "He'd hate to have it thought that his Young Men know only three speakeasies."

* * *

There is often a dangerous tendency to take the Now, the Now of writing, as an imaginary point of sapience from which we look tenderly down upon simplicities of the past and hopefully upward toward a larger wisdom to come. Not so here. I write sincerely from the bottom. Lately a group of friends amused themselves by drawing graphs of their psychic oscillation during several years. It was odd to see that most of these people, all apparently in the highest spirits, represented their present mood as considerably below the horizontal norm. They hopefully prognosticated an upward slope, but were not unduly confident. I am not inclined to patronize the Past. It was the only Past I'll ever have, and the Future is very uncertain, except that imaginative literature has in store for us triumphs of sensibility we have scarcely dreamed. Virginia Woolf perhaps more brilliantly than any other writer in English has prophesied this, and what she prophesies she herself brings true. We have passed through a decade of rather anxious cynicism; there was plentiful reason for it. You don't bring an era of cynicism to an end by saying it's ended. But I have had occasion recently to consort a little with young men of undergraduate era, and I seem to see in them the returning power of that magical naiveté which was the strength (if we had any strength) of our own pre-War generation. They are far enough away from the years of the Teens not to know what extremities of disillusion and sadness the world can go through. In some respects they are more knowing than we were, more shrewd, but they seem to have somewhat the same instinct of regard, or piety, which you will know I do not use in any religious sense. They are aware of something more than easy mockery; they come toward life, as poets must, with open hands. It is sad to me to think that there will never be time or space to tell you how good seemed Mistletoe's entry into the actual. Is his generation to go past and trickle out into the sand of cautious maturity without going on record that it was a thrilling and enormous time? At Garden City the great press, more college than factory, stood among lawns and flowers and the whole building throbbed with the roar of machines like a ship at sea. The steady grumble of the bindery made a constant monotone beneath our feet. On the platform of the little Country Life railway station, at the end of a day's work, one stood high up as on a boat deck in clean winds. The Long Island smoker was an editorial annex where one read manuscripts and argued business schemes with one's fellows. In those days (1913-14) the house was gathering together all the Conrad books to form them into what publishers like to call a "property," and the younger fry were busy reading *Chance*, perplexing themselves over its 250-page parenthesis, and catching up with the earlier tales. *The Children of the Sea* was taken over from Dodd, Mead and reissued under its original title *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. Mistletoe was reading that book for the first time on the train to Garden City. He was so absorbed that when the huge wave comes out of the mist ("it looked as mischievous as a madman with an axe"; how terrifyingly you perceive that ragged hill of sea towering over the ship) the whole railroad car seemed to rise, lean and roll slowly and sickeningly on its side. In sudden panic he dropped the book and shot out his arms in a scrambling clutch, muttering "God, she's going over." He actually thought for an instant that the train was on its beam ends. His neighbor in the seat must have supposed him crazy.

* * *

In the publishing business, as in any other, much time is spent toiling up blind alleys; but to have had a share no matter how small in so notable a work as helping Conrad's magnificent books reach their wider public is to have a secret residue of pride,

(*Continued on page* 519)

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Genteel Tradition at Bay. II.

This is the second in a series of three essays by George Santayana, called "The Genteel Tradition at Bay." The first, "Analysis of Modernity," was published last week, this, the second, is "The Appeal to the Supernatural," and the third, to follow next week, is "The Moral Adequacy of Naturalism." Although divided for the convenience of the editors of The Saturday Review *and each standing on its own feet as a contribution to modern thinking, the three chapters constitute a closely knit comment, and we urge our subscribers to read them as a whole. Only so can this suave and penetrating analysis of morality, humanism, authority, and the relativity of the spirit to experience be comprehended in its lucid movement. Mr. Santayana's prose, which writers who endeavor to handle weighty matters with full expressiveness can only admire and envy, is outstanding in any of these essays, but we hope that that "The Genteel Tradition at Bay" will be read as its author meant it to be read, from beginning to end, and as it is not usually the custom of* The Saturday Review *to publish continued articles, note here an exception. Admirers of Santayana will find in these chapters, philosophic as they are in content, more than a reminiscence of "The Soliloquies in England."*

ALMOST all nations and religions, and especially the liberal party in them, think themselves the salt of the earth. They believe that only their special institutions are normal or just, and hope to see them everywhere adopted. They declare that only the scriptures handed down by their own clergy are divinely inspired; that only their native language is clear, convenient, deeply beautiful, and ultimately destined to become universal; that only the logic of their home philosophers is essentially cogent; and that the universal rule of morals, if not contained in tablets preserved in their temple, is concentrated in an insoluble pellet of moral prejudice, like the categorical imperative of Kant, lodged in their breast. Not being content, or not being able, to cultivate their local virtues in peace at home, they fiercely desire to sweep everything foreign from the face of the earth. Is this madness? No: I should say it was only haste, transposing a vital necessity into absurd metaphysical terms. Moral absolutism is the shadow of moral integrity.

Now moral integrity and its shadow, moral absolutism, were always a chief part of the genteel tradition in America. They were perhaps its essence; and we need not wonder that the heirs to this tradition, in order to reaffirm the integrity of soul which they feel to be slipping away from them, clutch at its shadow, ethical absolutism, which perhaps they think is its principle. But such principles are verbal; they are not sources; and absolutism, even if reinstated philosophically, would never actually re-establish integrity in a dissolute mind or in a chaotic society. The natural order of derivation and growth is the opposite, and nature must first produce a somewhat integrated soul before that soul can discover or pursue the ideal of integrity.

Nevertheless, merely to reinstate absolutism philosophically would be a great feat, and would prove the hopeless perversity of relaxing integrity in any degree whatever. If, for instance, the human soul were supernatural and had its proper life and perfection in another world, then indeed all the variety of human tastes, temperaments, and customs would be variety only in self-ignorance and error. There would be an external criterion, apart from all places, persons, and times, by which everything should be judged, namely: Does this conduce to the salvation of the soul? Salvation would mean self-recovery, emergence from distraction, life beginning anew, not romantically, in some arbitrary fresh adventure in an exotic landscape, but inwardly, by the pure exercise of those functions which are truly native and sufficient to the spirit. The supernatural constitution and affinities of the soul would supply a criterion for all human affairs; not one absurdly imposed by one earthly creature upon another, as I was just now protesting, but one imposed by the visiting spirit upon the whole natural world. For however admirable and innocent the whole life of nature might be in itself, it would probably be in some directions sympathetic and in others poisonous and horrible to the native of a different sphere.

What, then, would a supernatural world be if it existed? I don't mean to ask what such a world would contain: it might evidently contain anything. I am only asking what relation any occult world must bear to nature, as we know nature, if that other world is to deserve the titles of existent and of supernatural. If it is to be existent, and not like the realms of poetry or mathematics merely conceived, it must, I think, be in dynamic relations with ourselves and with our world. Miracles, reports, incarnations, and ascensions, or at least migrations of the soul, must connect the two worlds, and make them, in reality, parts of one and the same universe. The supramundane and the mundane taken together would compose the total reality with which human knowledge, morality, and sentiment must reckon if they would not be ultimately stultified by the facts.

Supernaturalism, in its own eyes, is accordingly simply a completed naturalism, a naturalism into which certain ulterior facts and forces, hidden from our near-sighted and imperfect science, have been duly admitted. The morality inspired by supernaturalism will also be a naturalistic morality in principle: only that the soul will then be confronted by other opportunities and other dangers than her earthly life contains. Reason will have to take longer views, and the passions will be arrested, excited, or transformed by a larger prospect.

On the other hand, if this possible other world is to be called supernatural in any significant sense, it must not be confused with the chaotic, the groundlessly miraculous, the *infra*-natural. I am far from wishing to deny that the infra-natural exists; that below the superficial order which our senses and science find in the world, or impose upon it, there may not be an intractable region of incalculable accidents, chance novelties, or inexplicable collapses. Perhaps what we call the order of nature may be only a cuticle imperfectly formed round a liquid chaos. This speculative possibility is worth entertaining in the interests of scientific modesty and spiritual detachment; and it positively fascinates some ultra-romantic minds, that detest to be caged even in an infinite world, if there is any order in it. Indetermination seems to them liberty; they feel that idiocy and accident are far more deeply rooted than method in their own being, and they think it must be also in the world at large: and perhaps they are right. All this underlying chaos, however, if it exists, has nothing to do with that supernatural sphere—a sphere and not medley—to which morality and religion may be tempted to appeal. As the Indian, Platonic, and Christian imagination has conceived it, the supernatural has an external nature and a sublime order of its own. It forms an elder cosmos surrounding our nether world and destined to survive it. In that cosmos a hierarchy of spirits continually descends and ascends all the steps of moral decline and exaltation; and there the inexplicable burdens and tantalizing glories of this life find their origin and their fulfilment.

THERE is nothing impossible, therefore, in the existence of the supernatural: its existence seems to me decidedly probable; there is infinite room for it on every side. But, then, this almost tangible supernatural world is only the rest of nature, nature in her true depths and in her true infinity, which is presumably a rich and unmapped infinity of actual being, not the cheap ideal infinity of the geometers. The question is only what evidences we may have of the existence of this hidden reality, and of its character; whether, for instance, it is likely that the outlying parts of the universe should be more sympathetic to our moral nature than this particular part to which we are native, and which our science describes, because this is the part which we have to reckon with in action.

Now to this question the Platonic and Christian tradition replies, among other things, that the soul herself is a sufficient witness to her own supernatural origin, faculties, and destiny, in as much as she knows herself to be a pure spirit, synthetic and intelligent, endowed with free will, and immortal. We are not really native to this world, except in respect to our bodies; our souls are native to a spiritual world, from which we fetch our standards of truth and beauty, and in which alone we can be happy. Such is the thesis: and we must never let this ancient citadel of absolutism fall into the enemy's hands if we expect safely to hold the outworks and to claim for ourselves a universal jurisdiction in taste, politics, and morals. Moreover, this citadel encloses a sanctuary: our philosophical supernaturalism would be uselessly vague without a positive revelation.

If we were not especially informed concerning the nature and destiny of all human souls, how could we legislate for them universally? How could we assert that all types of virtue, except our one official type, are either rudimentary or corrupt, and that although biologically various types radiate from a centre and diverge more and more the nearer they come to perfection, morally this is not so, but all human souls, in spite of what they may think, can be saved only by marching compulsorily in single file, after the same kind of happiness? We must possess a divine revelation to this effect, since without such a revelation our moral dogmatism would be avowedly only an expression of our particular temperament or local customs; and any romantic anarchist or dissolute epicurean might flout us, saying that his temperament and his customs were as good as our own or, to his feeling, better; and that he was innocent and happy in his way of life, and at peace with God—as indeed that loose, low creature, Walt Whitman, actually declared.

And the case would be particularly hopeless if the heretics, like us, were supernaturalists about the soul; because if they were mere naturalists we might rebuke them on medical grounds, as we warn a child munching too many sweets of the stomach-ache and the toothache, lest he should be cloyed too late; or we might simply turn the cold shoulder of indifference and disgust upon the odious being, to signify his ostracism from our desirable society. But if he too was an immortal visitor from another world, he might well despise our earthly prudence and stupid persecutions, and he might assert against us his own unassailable vocation merely to will, or merely to laugh, or merely to understand. How, unless divinely illuminated, could we then pretend that we knew what was good for him better than he knew it himself? Nothing would be left for us except to thrash him: which at present we should be wisely disinclined to attempt; because in the arena of democratic jealousies and journalistic eloquence he would probably thrash us. No; we must boldly threaten him with hell fire; he shall be thrashed in the other world, in the world of spirit to which he appeals; and though the more picturesque forms of this threat may be out of date, and may raise a smile, there are other forms of it terrible enough in themselves and near to our daily experience. We have but to open the newspaper to read the last confidences of some suicide, and to learn how the torments and the darkness of hell descend on the desperate rebel and the forlorn pleasure seeker. We must rely on the horror which the facts of earthly life, when faced, inspire in the innocent conscience. We must appeal to the profound doubt, the profound unhappiness, the profound courage in the human soul, so that she may accept our revelation as the key to the mystery of her profound ignorance.

The alleged happiness of the epicurean or the romantic we must assert to be a lie. In them, too, we must believe a supernatural Christian soul is leading a painful and disgusted life; for nothing can be more unnatural to her than naturalism. Evil souls and ugly bodies are degenerate, not primitive; we are all wretchedly fallen from an estate to which we secretly aspire to return, although we may not clearly perceive our plight or understand the nature of that good which alone should render us happy. We need to have the way of salvation preached to us, whether it be salvation in this world or in another; and this preaching we must receive on authority, if not on that of a special religion, at least that of the high philosophic tradition, Indian, Neoplatonic, and Catholic, which represents the spiritual wisdom of all ages. If we reject this authority and neglect to seek the supernatural happiness which it prescribes, we shall be systematically sinning against ourselves, and literally losing our souls.

The same doctrine of a supernatural soul is indispensable if we would justify another conviction dear to the absolute moralist, I mean, the consciousness of free will. A supernatural soul would have a life and direction of her own: she would be an efficacious

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By George Santayana

member of an invisible cosmos, in which—since the whole is the work of God—every being would have its appropriate gifts, functions, and destiny. The soul cannot create herself: she cannot determine the point of space and time at which she will begin to show her colors: she cannot tell how long her influence may be allowed to count in this world. But while her union with the body endures there will be a tug-of-war; and the issue will never be determined by either side taken alone. A man will therefore be no helpless slave of his body; his acts will not be predetermined physically without his soul's leave; they will be determined by the interplay of the physical with the spiritual forces in him: and on the spiritual side there will be two principal factors: his soul, with her native powers, affinities, and will, and the will and the grace of God, putting that soul in contact with particular circumstances and allowing her in that trial some measure of victory.

The soul, being an independent centre of force, would have come, on this hypothesis, into the body from without, and would continue to act upon it from within, until perhaps she escaped to pursue elsewhere her separate fortunes. This independent initiative of hers would be her free will: free in respect to material laws or solicitations, but of course conformable to her own instinct and native direction, as well as subject to the original dispositions and dynamic balance of the total universe, natural and supernatural. We must not confuse the dualism of origin in human acts, asserted by this theory of a supernatural soul, with any supposed absolute indetermination of either soul or body, or of their natural effects upon one another. Indeterminism, if it exists, belongs to the unintelligible foundations of things, to chaos, and to the sub-human: it is so far from vindicating the power of spirit over matter, that in this contest, as everywhere else, a real indeterminism would dislocate the normal relations of things and render them, to that extent, fortuitous.

THE notion that absolute freedom might save many a critical situation, and that in general the intervention of groundless movements would tend towards a happy issue, rests on a complete confusion. It is the gambler's fallacy. Empty possibility seems to him full of promise; but in fact sheer chance, throwing dice, would seldom throw sixes. The only force that really tends towards happy results is the innate force of the soul herself: for the soul, whether natural or supernatural, is an organizing principle working, as in seeds, for a particular form of life which, if realized, would make her good and her perfection. If in this labor any groundless events occurred in her or in the circumstances, she would to that extent be the victim of chance. Energies dropped into her and not exerted by herself would evidently do no work of hers; they would not manifest her freedom, but only her helplessness; they would be irruptions into her life of that primitive contingency which is identical with fate. The result would, to that extent, not be after her own mind, and she would not be responsible for it. Sheer indeterminism, like the danger of earthquakes, if the healthy mind did not disregard it, would put all human labor in jeopardy: it would dislocate all definite hopes and calculations; in a sane life it would be the worst and the most alien of agencies. Such a possibility is like the other face of the moon, for ever turned away from human interests.

The kind of free will which concerns the moralist asserts rather the autonomy of the soul, her power of manifesting herself, often surprisingly, in the realm of matter in ways which, since they express her innate impulses, may have been already vaguely prefigured and desired by her conscious mind. This freedom, or external initiative, will be proper to the soul whether she be natural or supernatural: in either case she will have a chosen good to pursue, and a certain limited power of achieving it; but if she is natural, her dispositions may change with the evolution of animal life, and one of her forms will have no authority over another; whereas, if she is supernatural, these material shifts will change only the theatre of her activity or its instruments; her nature and her perfection will remain unchangeable.

If, then, the American humanists hope to maintain an absolute criterion of taste and morals, I think they should hasten to embrace supernaturalism, in case they have not done so already. The word supernatural has long been out of favor, partly because it denied to science an omniscence which, in theory, science never claimed, and partly because it pointed to possible realities far beyond that subjective sphere which is the only reality admitted by romantic idealism: but neither reason seems to have any serious force. Supernaturalism, being an extension of naturalism, is far sounder philosophically than subjectivism, and morally at once humbler and more sublime. And that form of supernaturalism which lies nearest at hand, Christian Platonism, has the further advantage, in this case, of being remarkably humanistic. It deifies human morality and human intelligence.

Socrates and Plato, and some of the Fathers of the Church, were excellent humanists. They had not, of course, that great rhetorical joy in all the passions which we find in the humanists of the Renaissance and, somewhat chastened, in Shakespeare. Platonism and Christianity, in their beginnings, were reactions against decadence, and necessarily somewhat disillusioned and ascetic. These philosophers were absorbed in preaching: I mean, in denouncing one-half of life and glorifying the other half; they were absolute moralists; and this dominance of ethical interests was confirmed by the Jewish and the Roman influences which permeated that age. Moreover a learned humanism was involved in the possession of Scriptures, demanding studies and eloquent expositions, which could not remain exclusively theological or legendary. In the Old Testament and even in the New, there were humanistic maxims, such as that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Epicurus had crept into Ecclesiastes, and Plato into the Gospel of Saint John; and by a bolder stroke of humanism than anyone had yet thought of, God himself had been made man. Man consequently might be superlatively important in his own eyes, without offence to the higher powers. He might proclaim his natural preferences even more vehemently and tenaciously than the heathen since round his conscience and his intellect he believed that the universe revolved, and had indeed been created expressly for his dubious and tragic glory.

This marked, and even absolute, humanism in Platonism and Christianity seems indeed to some of us, who have no prejudice against supernaturalism in general, an argument against supernaturalism of that kind. There is a sort of acoustic illusion in it: the voice that reverberates from the heavens is too clearly a human voice. Is it not obvious that the reports contained in this revelation are not bits of sober information, not genuine reminiscences of a previous life, not messages literally conveyed from other worlds by translated prophets or visiting angels? Are they not clearly human postulates, made by ignorant mortals in sheer desperation or in poetic self-indulgence? Are they not ways of imagining a material vindication of lost causes, by a miraculous reversal, in the last instance, of every judgment of fate? Don Quixote, after twice mending and testing his ancestral helmet, and finding it fall apart at the first blow, mended it for the third time with a green riband—green being the color of hope—and, without testing it this time, deputed it to be henceforth a trusty and a perfect helmet. So when native zeal and integrity, either in nations or in persons, has given way to fatigue or contagion, a supernatural assurance needing no test may take possession of the mind. Plato wrote his "Republic" after Athens had succumbed, and his "Laws" after Syracuse had disappointed him; Neo-Platonism and Christianity became persuasive when ancient civic life had lost its savor. A wealth of wisdom survived, but little manly courage; a dreamful courage of another sort, supernatural faith, transposed that wisdom into meekness; and sanctity sprouted like the early crocus in the loam under the leafless giants of antiquity.

FAR be it from me to suggest that anybody ought to exchange his native religion or morality for a foreign one: he would be merely blighting in himself the only life that was really possible. But the traveling thoughts of the pure philosopher may compare the minds and manners of various men; and considering the supernatural world of Platonism and Christianity, he may marvel to observe how very mundane that supernatural world is, how moralistic and romantic, how royal, ecclesiastical, legal, and dramatic an apotheosis of national or pious ambitions. At best, as in Plotinus, it lifts to cosmic dimensions the story of spiritual experience. But how shall any detached philosopher believe that the whole universe, which may be infinite, is nothing but an enlarged edition or an expurgated edition, of human life? This is only a daylight religion; the heavens in its view are near, and pleasantly habitable by the Olympians; the spheres fit the earth like a glove; the sky is a tent spread protectingly or shaken punitively over the human nest.

In the East the philosopher will remember, there are, as it were, night religions, simpler perhaps than ours but more metaphysical, inspired by the stars or the full moon. Taken as information, their account of the other world is no better than ours, but their imagination is more disinterested and their ontology bolder. They are less afraid that the truth might be disconcerting. Is the color which those inhuman religions lend to morality less suitable to mankind? I am sure that a Hindu, a Moslem, or a Buddhist is amply sustained in his home virtues by his traditional precepts and rites; he does not need to transpose these virtues out of their human sphere; the universe can sanction in man the virtues proper to man without needing to imitate them on its own immeasurable scale.

That was a confused and insolent ambition in Milton to justify the ways of God to man. Impartial reflection upon ultimate things tends to purify, without condemning, all the natural passions, because being natural, they are inevitable and inherently innocent, while being *only* natural, they are all relative and, in a sense, vain. Platonism and Christianity, on the contrary, except in a few natural mystics and speculative saints, seem to sacrifice ruthlessly one set of passions merely in order to intensify another set. Ultimate insights cannot change human nature; but they may remove that obfuscation which accompanies any passion, and a virtuous passion especially, when its relativity is not understood. Human nature includes intelligence, and cannot therefore be perfected without such an illumination, and the equipoise which it brings: and this would seem to be a better fruit of meditation upon the supernatural than any particular regimen to be forced upon mankind in the name of heaven. Not that the particular regimen sanctified by Platonic and Christian moralists is at all inacceptable; but they did not require any supernatural assistance to draw it up. They simply received back from revelation the humanism which they had put into it.

John Mistletoe, XXII.

(*Continued from page* 517)

the pride in the job that makes publishing the happiest of trades. I do not believe adequate credit has ever been paid to Alfred Knopf, then serving an apprenticeship at Garden City, for his early pro-Conrad zeal. Alfred was supposed to be working in the Mail Order department, but the legend was that he spent all his time writing to Conrad and Galsworthy. Knopf was the author of D. P. and Co's first little biographical booklet about Conrad, printed about the end of 1913; it is a pleasant item for the Conrad collector, as is also the tiny pamphlet the house issued early in 1914 reprinting (for the first time in America) the long suppressed preface to the *Nigger*. This latter was Mistletoe's own hunch; I see a trace of his earlier manner in the words "Issued by D. P. and Co. for distribution among those interested in English literature." He was then still youthfully concerned about "literature," which strikes me now as amusing, for though frequently damned as "literary" he is probably the least so of anyone I know, and scrupulously ignorant in that field. Unless a man is just a drain for print he is likely to reach a mood when he feels he has read enough books, that it is hardly possible for any new book to come along that can say anything he has not already felt or suspected, and that what he most needs is a chance to digest a few of the old ones and make some sense out of his own intuitions.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Life Histories of Twins

TWINS: HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT. By NATHANIEL D. MITTRON HIRSCH. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1930.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL
Yale University

THE study of twins is fast attaining the dimensions and status of a sub-science. Twins have been investigated from almost every angle, — biological, anthropological, physiological, medical, and psychological. The pioneer psychological investigation dates back to Galton, who in 1876 published a paper on "The History of Twins as a Criterion of the Relative Powers of Nature and Nurture."

In the present volume Dr. Hirsch takes up this very problem, using, however, new forms of mental measurement which were not available to Galton. This study has had the encouragement of President Lowell of Harvard University and the supervision of Professor William McDougall. It is monographic in character, but the material is organized and treated in a readable manner "in the hope that the study may reach some small part of the educated public as well as the specialist."

On the basis of objective criteria, but not without the hazards of subjective error, Dr. Hirsch established three groups of twins for comparative study and experimental analysis of physical and mental traits. From a larger total body of twins, by intentional elimination, three groups of twins were selected: (a) fifty-eight pairs of dissimilar twins living under similar environment; (b) thirty-eight pairs of similar twins living in similar environment, and (c) twelve pairs of similar twins living in dissimilar environments. Only like sexed twins were studied, to eliminate differences arising from sex. For the two major groups the data include anthropometric measurements, disease history, handwriting, and drawing specimens, tests of manual and motor ability, and educational and intelligence tests. The statistics are presented in tabular form in the body of the volume, accompanied by photographs and non-technical comment.

Ratios of average difference for the various items for the ninety-six pairs of twins in the two major groups are calculated. Heredity and environment are weighed in the balance, and the author reads the results as follows:

> For the ninety-six pairs of twins in question in Table I we can affirm that heredity is about five times as important as environment in respect to differences in intelligence quotient; about four times as important in respect to differences in head length; about four times as important in respect to differences in height; two and seven-tenths times as important in respect to differences in weight; about two times as important in respect to differences in cephalic index; and about one and one-half times as important in respect to differences in head width. Thus the relative importance of heredity versus environment in explaining differences varies very significantly in respect to the particular trait or form of ability that is measured.

Approximately one person out of forty-seven in the population is of twin origin. Left-handedness is present in about four per cent of the population at large. Hirsch found, however, among fifty-eight pairs of dissimilar twins, seven pairs, or twelve per cent, with one left-handed member. Among forty-three pairs of similar twins, eighteen, or forty-two per cent, had left-handed members. These figures are strongly suggestive of the secondary role of cultural factors in the production of handedness.

Investigators of the psychology of twins, almost without exception, emphasize the preponderance of inheritance in the determination of mental traits. Hirsch's conclusions are in general harmony with previous studies by Galton, Thorndike, Merriman, and Lange. Lange's recent monograph on "Criminality as Fate" was based on a study of criminal twins, both living together and apart. He concluded that heredity, though not exclusively the cause, was probably the most important factor in the occurrence of criminality. He was so impressed with the social importance of his findings that he suggested that the state ought to undertake lifelong observations of twins.

In the monograph by Dr. Hirsch, twins have once more served as a touchstone to establish the basic role of inheritance in the determination of mental traits. One is left, however, with the impression that there is some danger in oversimplifying the concepts of heredity and environment. The concepts should not be too sharply set into dualistic contrast. Hirsch's interesting study gives the reader abundant opportunity for speculatively testing the truth of Galton's suggestion: "Necessitarians may derive new arguments from the life history of twins!"

NO
GOODNESS
IN THE
WORM

GAY TAYLOR

THE shifting balance of the sexes in today's world is the theme of this novel. It gives to modern fiction virtually the first true expression of the modern woman's predicament in regard to building her life on the love of men. Its realism is honest and penetrating—ignoring the superficial, transcending the vulgar. Gay Taylor is a new writer of genuine talent—with something worth while to say.

$2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York

A Federated Europe

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE. By EDOUARD HERRIOT. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

"QUEL HOMME!" ejaculated the city clerk.

"Quel homme!" exclaimed the schoolmistress.

"Quel homme!" exploded the chauffeur.

In fact, it appeared to be the universal custom in Lyons whenever the name of Herriot was mentioned to cast up the head, the eyes, and the hands and fervently expel the words, "What a man!" No wonder that for twenty-five years his admiring fellow-citizens have annually reelected him Mayor of the second city of France. And for many of those years they have also sent him to Paris either as Deputé or as Senator. The nation has seconded their opinion by giving him a place in numerous cabinets and on one occasion calling him to the Premiership.

With all his myriad public duties, even while he was serving on important committees in Paris during the week and administering the public business of Lyons on week-end visits, he has found time to study and to write. Madame Récamier, French literature, Soviet Russia, and the philosophy of post-war youth, all have been touched and clarified by his facile pen. Who more ideally qualified, then, to expound to a waiting world the mysteries, the desires, and the inhibitions that surround the problem of "The United States of Europe"?

None. Herriot, the French Liberal who wore the double laurel of statesmanship and literature; Herriot, the collaborator of Briand, was just the man. Doubtless this was the view of the publisheers when they contracted for the book; doubtless this will be the view of the public when it buys the book. It was certainly the conviction of this reviewer when he first opened the volume.

Despite this high regard for Herriot—perhaps because of it — the book is a distinct disappointment. It is wholly unworthy of the man. It is not the keen analysis, the convincing argument that we expect from one of the world's best known statesmen. It is such a compilation as might be made by a graduate student in one of our own universities as a thesis for a Master's degree. But a fraction of the text is Herriot's. The rest is made up of quotations from everybody under Heaven from Plato to Poincaré and excerpts from innumerable reports whose value is undoubted but which make dull reading none the less.

Only once in a long while does the man of political power and statesmanlike insight speak through the infinite barrier of commonplace paragraphs. It takes over a hundred pages for the author to work himself up to this:

". . . the customs, with its excesses and its caprices, is only the outward and visible sign of an economic disorder, maintained and aggravated by centuries of history. *The customs barrier is an effect, not a cause.* It is chimerical to seek to cure a disease by taking account only of its external symptoms. *Customs reform can only be the result of a European reorganization*" (italics Herriot's).

But does the former Premier go on from there to attack the problem which he suggests? He does not. He dawdles with the Nordic Administrative Federation and the Pan-American Union as affording "useful lessons" for Europe. He sings the praises of the Little Entente as a regional union making for peace and economic progress. He strokes the fur of the Italian tomcat until one can almost hear him purr. Not once does he throw himself into a real discussion of the things that matter.

His conclusions are marshalled with due dignity under Roman numerals. Most of them are innocuous enough. Number IX is particularly enlightening:

"IX. It must be flexible, prudent, and patient."

One would like to think that Edouard Herriot had instructed a secretary to collect the historical material to serve as the basis of a work on "The United States of Europe" and that, through a most regrettable error, the secretary's report was published as the master's opus.

Turkish Life

UNVEILED. The Autobiography of a Turkish Girl. By SELMA EKREM. New York: Ives Washburn. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by C. C. EDWARDS

THREE or four years ago, Halidé Edib gave us what was, I think, the first autobiography to be written in English by a Turkish woman. Now Selma Ekrem helps to fill out Halidé Edib's picture of a girl's life in Turkey. This autobiography is less artistic, less well-written, less self-conscious; it is not less useful to an understanding of Turkish life.

Her book begins with her earliest recollections, in about the year 1906. (No date is given, but the year can be fairly accurately deduced.) To read it is to marvel afresh that the vigorous young Turkey of today has risen after a racking succession of revolution, foreign wars, defeat, and victory from the grave of the Sick Man of Europe. Miss Ekrem, who is still a young girl, has known the closing years of the reign of Abdul Hamid; the first and second revolutions of 1908 and 1909; the Italian War; the Balkan War; the Great War; the occupation of Constantinople by the Allied troops; the victory of the little Turkish army in Asia Minor over the Greeks, and the setting up of the new government under Mustafa Kemal. Because her father was a government official, many of these events had an immediate and decisive effect on the life of her family. Of necessity, therefore, they form the background of her picture. But she has wisely resisted the temptation to make of her autobiography a history of her time. She has given us instead a fresh and vivid account of the life of a Turkish family of the upper class. By her happy choice of detail, she has made her characters stand out individual, and essentially human; so that the reader recognizes, in this Turkish circle, men and women who are akin to his own family and friends.

Her first chapter is entitled "The Shadow of Fear." Constantly in her early years she lived in that shadow. In Constantinople, under Abdul Hamid, there was fear of the Sultan and of the Palace camarilla; in Jerusalem, where her father was Governor, there was fear of the Christians: their fanatical sects might at any time flame up into warfare one against the other and involve the Turkish people in the disaster. During the Balkan War, her father was Governor of the then Turkish islands of the Ægean. There the Greeks were feared; it was the Greeks who sailed one morning into the harbor of Mytilene:

> The crescent had gone with the night, pale white in its field of red-hot blood. One by one my eyes counted the enemy ships, the Greek fleet whose arrival we had dreaded. One, two, three, another smaller one behind. But the ships were endless. Masses of hard gray steel, masses of dread.
>
> By nightfall, the family were prisoners of the Greeks.
>
> At the time of the occupation of Constantinople, there was fear of the Allied soldiers, mingled with a disgust for their rowdiness and dissipation.
>
> . . . The city was covered with cheap cabarets where the Allied soldiers could get all the drinks they wanted. Every street was filled with reeling soldiers so that we hated to stay out after dark. Stamboul had never seen such drinking before and the horrors that the Allies brought with them. Side by side with these gaudy cabarets bearing foreign names lay the peaceful coffee-houses where a few wrinkled faces could be seen.

In spite of the shadow of fear, Selma Ekrem led an eager, zestful, individual life. As a child she rebelled against the custom of centuries, and refused to wear the veil. In the face of public disapproval and many difficult moments, her parents allowed her to follow her own way in this. When she was old enough, she went to the American college for girls in Constantinople. There with girls of many nationalities she studied and played under American teachers. There she became filled with a longing to visit America which was afterwards realized.

Her book is unequal in interest; but it is alive. It is written by a real person who has something to say. Though the writing is loose and often faulty, it is surprisingly good from one who learned her English in Turkey. Often a literal translation of a Turkish idiom gives quaint and lively emphasis to the narrative. It is a book to be read by those who wish to know something of the daily life and character of the Turks.

George Francis Hill, who has just succeeded Sir Frederic Kenyon as Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, has been keeper of the department of coins and medals at the Museum since 1912. Mr. Hill is the author of numerous books on numismatics. He has been connected with the Museum since 1893.

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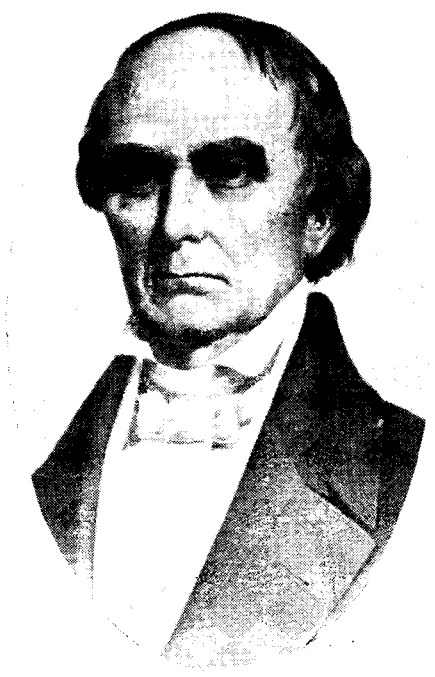


DANIEL WEBSTER

By

CLAUDE M. FUESS

Author of

Rufus Choate: Wizard of the Law

Allan Nevins in The Saturday Review of Literature:
"At last we have a biography of Webster which ranks with the very best lives of American statesmen yet written—with Schurz's Clay, with Bruce's Franklin and with Beveridge's Marshall."

Avery Craven in The New York Herald Tribune:
"One of the outstanding biographies of a decade."

Claude G. Bowers:
"Unquestionably the outstanding biography of Daniel Webster."

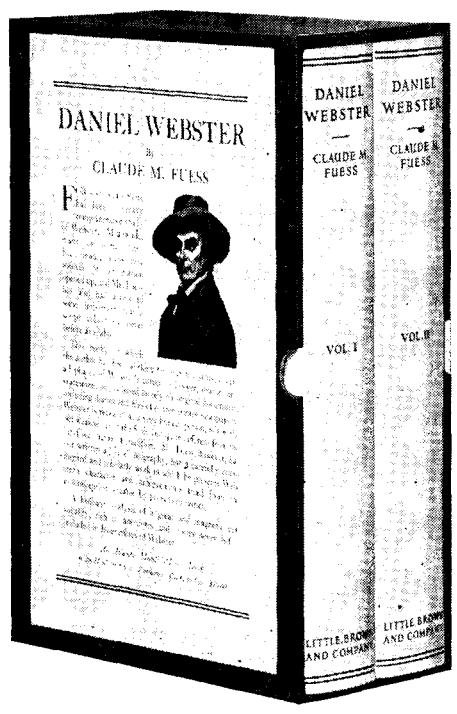
Springfield Republican:
"Deserves a place on the same shelf beside Beveridge's masterly biography of John Marshall."

William E. Dodd in The Chicago Tribune:
"There have been many books about 'the divine Webster' but there is nowhere quite as good a biography as the one which now lies before us."

William MacDonald in The Nation:
"Far and away the best biography of Webster that has yet been written."

Charles Willis Thompson in The New York Times:
"This is one of the most thoroughgoing biographies yet written in this country."

Nicholas Murray Butler, President, Columbia University:
"Will take rank with Beveridge's 'Life of John Marshall'."



Allen Johnson, Editor, The Dictionary of American Biography:
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Points of View

Looking Backward

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Pretty nearly every present-day writer who has any affiliation with the so-called "intellectuals"—I use that unhappy word only because I know of no equivalent—and who touches on the World War in any way takes it for granted that the participation of the United States in the war was unwarranted and that, as we look back, it clearly appears that we should have washed our hands of the whole matter. To take an illustration at random I have just finished reading Miss Helen Hull's novel "The Asking Price," which has impressed me as exceptionally acute and penetrating in its analyses of character: I notice that the author virtually assumes it as too plain for discussion that her protagonist's attempt to keep himself "above the battle" was the only sensible course and that his wife and his faculty colleagues were altogether perverse in backing the government. Almost every contributor to the *Saturday Review* who refers to the war at all takes a similar attitude. Thus Mr. Harlan Hatcher, in what seemed to me for the most part an exceptionally careful and well-balanced article entitled "As a Man Thinketh" (published in the *Saturday Review* for January 18, 1930) says of his generation, "We were high school students when it [*i. e.*, the war] began; we were ready for college when our country went mad; we have reached maturity in the disillusioning years which have followed."

The plain implication of these remarks and of the multitude like them is that it was a mistake for the United States to go into the war. It would, of course, be dangerous for a person no better informed than I am to assume to dogmatize on the broad question thus presented. One aspect of the matter, however, seems to me clear. Had the United States not gone in, Germany would in all probability have won the war. If the United States ought not to have gone in, this can only be because a German victory, if not positively advantageous to the United States, would at least have been for America a matter of comparative indifference. Such a view is, of course, perfectly intelligible, but the number of persons ready to take it in cold blood is comparatively small. What the writers to whom I refer seem not to appreciate is, that, if they are not ready to take that position, their attempts to decry our participation in the war are misconceived.

Most of these writers, so far as I can judge, base their attitude towards the war not so much on any theory that, as it now turns out, the United States backed the wrong horse, as on the feeling that the war was a nasty, vulgar thing which nobody of sensibility should have had anything to do with. It is this superficial attitude that I should like to see called in question by someone whose weight and standing is such as to assure him a hearing. I believe that the *Saturday Review* would greatly promote the cause of clear thinking if it would invite such a writer to point out that the issue as to the participation of the United States in the war is a narrow one. The question is not whether, if the infirmities of human nature on one side or the other had been less pronounced, affairs might have been so ordered that the war would not have come at all or that, if it had come, no necessity for American participation would have arisen. Neither are the merits of the original controversy as between the Allies and the Central Powers at all decisive. The sole question is whether, the situation being what it was in April, 1917, —never mind who or what was to blame— it was expedient for America to stand aside, suffer the Allies to be crushed and assume the risk of being obliged later to engage single-handed in a contest with a triumphant Germany. Anyone who is prepared to answer that question in the affirmative is entitled to say that the course taken by the United States was a mistake. Unless a writer, however, has thought the thing through and has come to that conclusion, he has no right blandly to assume that America "went mad" when she decided to go into the war.

Anything conducing to accurate thinking on this subject will be of value in clearing the air of what, I must confess, seems to me a vast volume of gas, and I believe that the *Saturday Review* is peculiarly qualified to render this service.

HAROLD S. DAVIS.

Dickinsoniana

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Miss Genevieve Taggard's attempt to show (page 152 of "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson) that the phonetic spelling "Vevay" in one of Emily's poems had emanated from a misspelling by George Gould, loses its plausibility in light of the fact that Emily's close friend, Samuel Bowles, wrote three letters from "Vevay, Switzerland" in September 1862, one of them (September 22) addressed to the *Springfield Republican* which Emily read. (See pages 378-382 in "The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles," Vol. 1.) Mr. Bowles's descriptions of Switzerland, the Alps, and the passes into Italy seem to have been the inspiration of Emily's poem, "Our lives are Swiss." With no grounds for doing so, Miss Taggard quotes the entire poem (page 146) as evidence that Emily Dickinson's imagination was following George Gould's journey through Europe.

Miss Taggard makes an argument of the point that since Emily learned the name and address of the unsigned author of "Letter to a Young Contributor" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April 1862, and since she wrote a letter the same month directly to Mr. Higginson in Worcester, she must have been informed of Mr. Higginson's identity and residence by George Gould who was in Worcester at the time (page 15). And on page 355 Miss Taggard refers to Josephine Pollitt's book, "Emily Dickinson: The Human Background of Her Poetry," with these words: "It is implied that Emily knew from the *Springfield Republican* the identity of the author of a 'Letter to a Young Contributor,' published in the *Atlantic*, April 1862. Two persons, one of them myself, have found not one line in the *Springfield Republican* concerning the authorship of this article." If Miss Taggard and her assistant had looked carefully, they would have read the review of the April issue of the *Atlantic* in the *Springfield Republican*, March 29, 1862, page 2, column 2. That review begins: "The *Atlantic Monthly* for April is one of the best numbers ever issued; not of that popular periodical merely, but of magazine literature since its first inception. It is full of rich thoughts clothed in well-chosen words; the ripe fruits of culture, presented with admirable taste. Its leading article, T. W. Higginson's Letter to a Young Contributor, ought to be read by all the would-be authors of the land, although such a circulation would surpass that of the *New York Ledger* or any other periodical whatever. It is a test of latent power. Whoever rises from its thorough perusal strengthened and encouraged, may be reasonably certain of ultimate success." Here, in the newspaper in whose opinions Emily Dickinson had confidence, she read the name of Higginson. Here is the reason for her choice of Mr. Higginson as her literary mentor. In a sense the choice was not so much hers as the *Republican's*, seconded by her own good judgment. This impressive recommendation of Mr. Higginson's article as "a test of latent power" for "all the would-be authors in the land" is what moved Emily to write her first letter to Mr. Higginson on April 15, 1862. All of Miss Taggard's explanations and psychologizings and questionings of the reasons for Emily's choice of Mr. Higginson (pages 8 to 16) fall beside the point.

FREDERICK J. POHL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Demon of the Absolute

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In your interesting editorial on "Standards" some time ago, it seems to me that the issue was falsely drawn.

If I understand this editorial aright, the critical controversy now in progress is to be viewed as one between humanists or traditionalists who stand for absolute truth and the journalists or historians of the present who stand for relative truth. I appear to accept these battle lines myself: "Truth absolute and truth relative have been, as Mr. Norman Foerster justly says, at the bottom of the critical warfare fought so briskly in American literary journals for the past year."

I did not say this in the *Bookman* article to which you refer, nor, so far as I recall, anywhere else. Furthermore, the sentence is ambiguous. Does it mean that the *problem* of the absolute and the relative has been the problem underlying the whole controversy? This is true enough. Or does it mean that one side in the controversy has stood for absolute truth and the other for relative truth? In its context this is what the sentence does seem to convey, and this I conceive to be false.

As Irving Babbitt and others have said, humanism seeks the mean between the extremes of the absolute and the relative. Humanism fully concurs in your own assertion, "Absolute truth there may be, but in its pure form it is never known in this world." If I may quote myself, to offset your alleged quotation, in the preface to "Humanism and America" I remarked: "No doubt the truth *an sich* is hopelessly elusive, but the attainment of provisional or human truth is the reward of courage and labor." The humanists do not stand for absolute truth as opposed to relative truth; they stand for provisional truth as opposed to both absolutely fixed and absolutely relative truth.

The great danger today is not, I think, that which you point to, "the tyranny of fixed opinion." I see no sign of this danger even among the humanists, who disagree abundantly with one another. The great danger is rather the tyranny of no-opinion, a tyranny from which we have suffered enough in recent years, as the public has begun to discover. There is little to be gained today by talking of the stiffening of truth into "a cocoon of rigid principle from which the butterfly can never hatch." Nothing of the sort has ever happened in human history, nor do humanists wish to make it happen. Nor would it be sensible to speak of a cocoon of rigid relativity from which the butterfly can never hatch. The tyranny of no-opinion cannot last, and that is what is giving humanism its chance.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

REVOLT IN THE ARTS. By OLIVER M. SAYLER. Brentano's. 1930. $3.50.

This "survey of the creation, distribution, and appreciation of art in America" is divided into two sections. One half is a rapid, comprehensive survey of the new movements today in all the arts: it deals with the nature of the "revolt" and its implications. The other half, which is called A Field Survey, is a series of statements from "leading exponents" of the arts: though in this collection the genuinely distinguished people outweigh the complete nonentities who so often make up such symposia, it is quite worthless.

As for Mr. Sayler's own essay, he has attempted to do in a synoptic survey what Mr. Sheldon Cheney has essayed more monumentally in his books on modern architecture and modern art: he has Mr. Cheney's passion and ready convictions: likewise he has some of Mr. Cheney's faults, his too facile approval, "too soon made glad, too easily impressed"; and, apart from this, he does not appraise with any rigor the difficulties of producing genuine art in a society governed by pecuniary standards and given to conspicuous waste. But the value of a book like this lies in the questions it raises, not in those which it solves; and it is Mr. Sayler's merit to raise interesting questions on every page of his own discussion.

THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND IN ITALIAN LITERATURE. By *Edmund G. Gardner*. Dutton. $3.75.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA. By *R. H. U. Bloor*. Beacon Press. $1.10.

LIBERTY AND RELIGION. By *Sydney Herbert Mellone*. Beacon Press. $1.50.

THE DIVINE ELEMENT IN ART AND LITERATURE. By *William Lawrence Schroeder*. Beacon Press. $1.50.

AMERICAN CRITICAL ESSAYS. Edited by *Norman Foerster*. Oxford. 80 cents net.

ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS ON THOMAS COOPER. By *Maurice Kelley*. Orono, Me.: University Press. $1.

Biography

WAR LETTERS OF FALLEN ENGLISHMEN. Edited by *Lawrence Housman*. Dutton. $3.

A WILTSHIRE CHILDHOOD. By *Ida Gandy*. London: Allen & Unwin.

MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS. By *Hamlin Garland*. Illustrated by *Constance Garland*. Harpers. $3.

ENGLISH BLOODS. By *Roger Vasdon*. Graphic.

LIFE OF LINCOLN. By *William H. Herndon*. Boni. $2.50.

WILLA CATHER. By *René Rapin*. McBride. $1.50 net.

MESSALINA. By *H. Stadelmann*. Dutton. $5.

THE BOOK OF MY LIFE. By *Jerome Cardan*. Dutton. $3.50.

THE MEMORIES AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MME. D'EPINAY. Translated by *E. G. Allingham*. Dial.

THE MEDICI. By *G. F. Young*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

RICHARD HENRY TIERNEY. By *Francis Talbot*. New York: American Press.

LAZARE SAMINSKY. By *Domenico de Paoli, Leigh Henry, Leonida Sabaneyeff, Joseph Yasser*, and *Leonballas Block*.

CALIFORNIA GRINGOS. By *H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana*. San Francisco: Elder. $2.50.

Fiction

LONG BONDAGE. By DONALD JOSEPH. Stokes. 1930. $2.50.

Examined in retrospect, this novel is lightweight, though as we are reading, we continually expect something of interest to develop within a few pages. Mr. Joseph seldom surprises us, except by an occasional magnificent infelicity, such as the death of Nathan or that of Malcolm. Usually he is content with the obvious, and he apparently cares little whether that obvious is apposite or helpful. Furthermore, his novel lacks point: Mr. Joseph seems to be laboring under some idea, but we never find out what it is.

The narrative covers the first forty years in the life of Lucy Lannerton, a Southern belle. The lives of her parents have been unhappy, the mother dying from the indignity and shock of the father's infidelity. Lucy, too, finds her husband unfaithful, but she continues life under his roof; some years later he is accidentally shot during the manoeuvers of the local militia. Her two sons die; one of heart disease, the other by drowning. Through all this intended tragedy the memory of Lucy's one great love lives with her, and on the last page she finds happiness with the one who has been waiting all the long, long years. The plot is unbalanced and badly motivated, and the characters are quite without distinction.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION. By LLOYD C. DOUGLAS. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby. 1930.

The jacket of this book describes it vaguely but not unfairly as "a novel of strong color and varied interests—dealing with strange, transforming life forces." The writer, an American clergyman in Montreal, attempts in it to show how one *may live powerfully and gloriously* by absorbing other personalities into one's own. His characters are vividly portrayed, although his central figure becomes somewhat misty and withdrawn as the tale unfolds. With its hospital background deftly and understandingly drawn, the story is told with dramatic effect, and although essentially tractiferous, it is wholly free from exhortation and harangue. The idea of achieving a magnificent personality is not new, but Dr. Douglas's method is quite different from that of the personality racketeers, and no commercialism soils it. It is a readable and refreshing story, with an unusual message.

MR. GUMBLE SITS UP. By DOUGLAS DURKIN. Liveright. 1930. $2.

This is an ambitious tale, using fantasy and symbolism to put forth an obscure message. Some readers will say there is no message; others that there is one of real significance. A novel suffers when every reading results in a radically individual interpretation; with such variety, the suspicion is inevitable that the book may really mean nothing at all.

Meaning aside, "Mr. Gumble Sits Up" is a simple little tale of a man who during his own funeral sat up suddenly and demanded to be readmitted to life. But the living would have none of him. His wife, his debts, his trade—these things he abandoned, therefore, and wandered in search of something vague, something to be decided upon as he went on, down the length of the road that led away from his village. He met some unhappiness, some pleasure—and finally his end. Such is the straightforward, hardly unconventional framework of the story. But, in contrast, the impression that we get from the events and the characters is not straightforward. We are made to feel that the surface is nothing, hardly real, and that below the surface is the true meaning, the ironic mystery of life. But we never really get to these substrata, for all that their presence is inescapably felt. Thus a superficially simple tale demands interpretations that range far and deep.

Mr. Durkin writes with some affectation. His sentences boom and echo a bit too loudly. But he has a warm and sympathetic spirit, and he makes Mr. Gumble a most delightful character. There is a pleasant glow of well being emanating from most of the scenes and the characters, and we are inclined to chuckle and smile as we read. Every so often we are brought up short by an extra heavy chunk of sententiousness, or by a too clever phrase. But in general the book makes good reading, for as we go along we forgive the preciousness and the obscurity. Only at the end do we realize that we have not the slightest idea of what Mr. Durkin is driving at.

THE THIRD DAY. By GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS. Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

The invention with which Mr. Manning-Sanders begins his second novel is not new, but its use has been honorable and its freshness remains unimpaired. As "The Third Day" is a comedy of resurrection, it must of course begin with the apparent death of its hero—a death compassed in satisfactory if not wholly convincing fashion by the painter Humphrey Daine, who sets fire to his house, places a convenient skeleton in his bed, and flees to begin a new life elsewhere. The wanderings of the first few days over, he is glad to settle in a small village as a laborer, though he soon finds his new existence no more free of anxiety than the old in which he suffered so much. In fact the inhabitants of St. Raime's, the parish in which he finds sanctuary, as presented by Mr. Manning-Sanders are second only in general unpleasantness to the far from merry villagers of Mr. T. F. Powys. The trials and tribulations of a young man supposedly afflicted with amnesia, the subject of universal suspicion and endless gossip, can easily be

(*Continued on page 525*)

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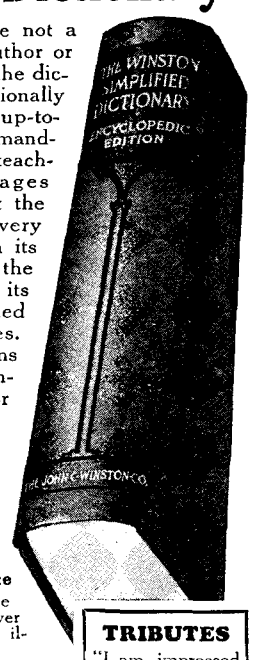

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Sinclair Lewis and the Nobel Prize*

By ERIK AXEL KARLFELDT
Permanent Secretary of the Swedish Academy
Translated by NABOTH HEDIN

THIS year's Nobel prize winner in literature is a native of a part of America which for a long time has had Swedish contacts. He was born at Sauk Centre, a place of about two or three thousand inhabitants in the great wheat and barley land of Minnesota. He describes the place in his novel "Main Street," though there it is called Gopher Prairie.

It is the great prairie, an undulating land with lakes and oak groves, that has produced the little city and many others exactly like it. The pioneers have had need of places where to sell their grain, stores for their supplies, banks for their mortgage loans, physicians for their bodies, and clergymen for their souls. There is coöperation between the country and the city and at the same time conflict. Does the city exist for the sake of the country, or the country for the city?

The prairie makes its power felt. During the winters, long and cold as ours, terrific storms dump their snow in the wide streets, between low and shabby houses. The summer scorches with an intense heat and the city stinks, because it lacks both sewers and street cleaning. But yet the city, of course, feels its superiority; it is the flower of the prairie. It has the economic threads in its hands and it is the focus of civilization; a concentrated, proud America amidst these uncouth serfs of foreign origin, Germans and Scandinavians.

Thus the city lives happily in its self-confidence, and its belief in true democracy, which does not exclude a proper classification of the people; its faith in a sound business morality, and the blessings of being motorized, for there are many Fords on Main Street.

To this city comes a young woman, filled with rebellious emotions. She wants to reform the city, inside and out, but fails completely and comes near perishing in the attempt.

As a description of life in a small town, "Main Street" is certainly one of the best ever written. To be sure the city is first and foremost American, but could, as a spiritual *milieu*, be situated just as well in Europe. No one of us has suffered as much as Mr. Lewis, however, from its ugliness and bigotry. The strong satire has aroused protests locally, but one does not need to be keen-sighted to see the tolerant strain in this sketch of his native city and its people.

Back of the puffed-up complacency of Gopher Prairie lurks, however, jealousy. At the edge of the plain stand cities like St. Paul and Minneapolis, already little metropolitan centers with their skyscraper windows gleaming in the sunlight or the evening's electricity. Gopher Prairie wants to be like them and finds the time ripe for a campaign of progress, based on the rising war price of wheat. A stump speaker is imported, a real rabble-rouser of the peppiest kind, and with blatant eloquence he demonstrates that nothing will be easier than for Gopher Prairie to take the lead and arrive in the 200,000 class.

Mr. Babbitt, —George Follansbee Babbitt—is the happy denizen of such a city. It is called Zenith, but probably cannot be found on the map under this name. This city with its enlarged horizons hereafter becomes the starting point for Mr. Lewis's critical raids into the territories of Americanism. The city is a hundred times as large as Gopher Prairie and, therefore, a hundred times richer in hundred per cent Americanism and a hundred times as satisfied with itself and the enchantment of its optimism and progressive spirit is embodied in George F. Babbitt.

As a matter of fact, it is probable that Babbitt approaches the ideal of an American popular hero of the middle class. The relativity of business morals as well as private rules of conduct is for him an accepted article of faith, and without hesitation he considers God's purpose with man to be that he should work, increase his income, and enjoy modern improvements. These commandments he feels he obeys and he therefore lives in complete harmony with himself and society.

His profession, real estate, is the highest in existence and his house near the city with its tree and lawn, is standard, inside and out. His motor car is of the make that corresponds to his position and in it he whizzes through the streets, proud as a young hero amidst the dangers of traffic. His family life also corresponds to the bourgeois average. He has a wife who has become used to his masculine grumblings at home and the children are impertinent, but that is what one expects.

He enjoys excellent health, is well-fed and thriving, alert and good-natured. His daily lunches at the club are feasts of instructive business conversations, and stimulating anecdotes; he is sociable and winning. Babbitt is furthermore a man with the gift of speech. He has learned all the national slogans and whirls them about with his flowing tongue in his popular talks before clubs and mass meetings. Not even for the most elevated spirituality does he lack sympathy. He basks in the company of the noted poet, Cholmondeley Frink, who concentrates his genius on the composition of striking, rhymed advertisements for various firms and thereby earns a good annual income.

Thus Babbitt lives the life of the irreproachable citizen, conscious of his respectability. But the jealousy of the gods broods over a mortal, whose happiness grows too great. A soul such as Babbitt's is, of course, incapable of growth; it is a ready-made article from the start. Then Babbitt discovers that he has tendencies toward vice which he has neglected—but not wholly, one ought to add. As he approaches fifty, he hastens to make up for the neglect. He enters an irregular relationship and joins a frivolous gang of youths, in which he plays the role of a generous sugar daddy. But his deeds find him out. His lunches at the club become more and more painful through the silence of his friends and their aloofness. They give him hints that he is spoiling his chance of future membership in the committee of progress. Here it is naturally New York and Chicago that loom before him. He then succeeds in recovering his better self and it is edifying to see him kneel in the sacristy of his church, where the pastor gives him absolution. And then Babbitt can once more devote himself to the Sunday school and other socially useful activities. His story ends as it began.

That it is institutions as representatives of false ideas that Mr. Lewis wants to get at with his satire and not individuals, he has indicated. It is then a triumph for his art, a triumph almost unique in literature, that he has been able to make this Babbitt, who fatalistically lives within the borders of an earthbound, but at the same time pompous, utilitarianism, an almost lovable individual.

Babbitt is naive and a believer who speaks up for his faith. At bottom there is nothing wrong with the man and he is so festively refreshing that he almost serves as a recommendation for American snap and vitality. There are bounders and Philistines in all countries and one can only wish that they were half as amusing as Babbitt.

To the splendor of the figure, as well as that of other speaking characters in the book, Mr. Lewis has added his unparalleled gift of words. Listen, for example to the conversation of a few commercial travelers, sitting together in a compartment on the express to New York. An unsuspected halo falls over the profession of selling. "Their romantic hero was no longer the knight, the itinerant poet, or the cow boy, but the great sales manager, who had an 'Analysis of the Sales Problems,' on his glass top desk, whose title of nobility was his rank as 'professor of business administration,' and who with all his young cohorts devoted himself to the universal profession of selling—not selling anything special to or for anybody in particular, but just to Sell."

Martin Arrowsmith is a work of a more serious nature. Lewis has here attempted to represent the medical profession and science in all its manifestations. As is well-known, American research in the natural sciences, physics, chemistry, and medicine, ranks with the best of our age, and it has several times been greeted as such from this very platform. Tremendous resources have been placed at its command. Richly endowed institutions work without ceasing on its development.

That even here a certain number of speculative purposes want to take advantage of their opportunities may be regarded as inevitable. Private industries are on the alert for scientific discoveries, and want to profit by them before they have been tested and finally established. The bacteriologist, for instance, searches with infinite pain for vaccines to cure wide-spred diseases and the chemical manufacturer wants to snatch them prematurely from his hand for mass production.

Under the guidance of a gifted and conscientious teacher, Martin Arrowsmith develops into one of the idealists of science and the tragedy of his life as a research worker is that that after making an important discovery, he delays its announcement for renewed tests until he is preceded by a Frenchman in the Pasteur Institute.

The book contains a rich gallery of different medical types. There we have the hum of the medical schools with their quarreling and intriguing professors. Then there is the unpretentious country physician, remembered from Main Street, who regards it as an honor to merge with his clientèle and become their support and solace. Then we have the shrewd organizer of public health and general welfare, who works himself up into popular favor and political power. Next we have the large institutes with their apparently royally independent investigators, but under a management, which to a certain extent must take into consideration the commercial interests of the donors and drive the staff to forced work for the honor of the institution.

Above these types rises Arrowsmith's teacher, the exiled German Jew, Gottlieb, who is drawn with a warmth and admiration that seem to indicate a living model. He is an incorruptibly honest servant of science, but at the same time a resentful anarchist and a stand-offish misanthrope, who doubts that the humanity, whose benefactor he is, amounts to as much as the animals he kills with his experiments. Further we meet Gustaf Sondelius, a glorious Titan, who with singing courage, pursues pests in their lairs throughout the world; exterminates poisonous rats, and burns infected villages, drinks, and preaches his gospel that hygiene will kill the medical art.

Simultaneously runs the personal history of Martin Arrowsmith. Lewis is much too clever to make his characters without blemish and this man Martin suffers from faults which at times seem obstructive to his development, both as a man and as a scientist. His best help as a restless and irresolute young man, he gets from a little woman he has encountered at some hospital, where she was a menial, and he begins to drift about the country as an unsuccessful medical student, he looks her up in a little village in the far west, and there she becomes his wife. She is a devoted and simple soul, who demands nothing and who patiently waits in her solitude, when bewitched by the siren of science, her husband loses himself in the labyrinths of his work.

Later she accompanies him and Sondelius to the pest infected island, where Arrowsmith wants to test his serum, and her death in the abandoned hut, while her husband listens distractedly to another and more earthy siren than that of science, seems like a poetically crowning final act to a life of primitive self-sacrificing femininity.

The book is full of admirable learning which is certified by experts as accurate. Though master of light-winged words, Lewis is least of all superficial when it comes to the foundations of his art. His study of details is always careful and thorough as that of such a scientist as Arrowsmith or Gottlieb and in this work he has built a monument to the profession of his own father, that of the physician, which certainly is not set up by a charlatan or a fakir.

His big novel "Elmer Gantry" is like a surgical operation on one of the most delicate parts of the social body. Presumably it would not pay to search anywhere in the

*(Address at the Nobel Festival, Dec. 10, 1930)

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world for the old Puritanical virtues, but possibly one might find in some of the oldest corners of America a remnant of the sect, which regarded it as a sin to remarry, once it had pleased God to make one a widower or widow, or wicked to lend money at interest. But otherwise America has no doubt had to moderate its religious rigidity. To what extent a preacher like Elmer Gantry is common over there, we cannot here have the slightest idea. Neither his slap-dash style of preaching with his cocky, pugilistic manners—Hello Mr. Devil!—or his successful collecting of money and men inside the gates of the church, can hide the sad fact that he is an unusually foul fish and Mr. Lewis has neither wished to or been able to give him any attractive traits. But as description the book is a feat of strength, genuine and powerful, and its full flavored, sombre satire has a devastating effect. It ought to be unnecessary to point out that hypocrisy thrives a little everywhere and that anyone who attacks it at such a close range places himself before a hydra with many heads.

Sinclair Lewis's latest work is called "Dodsworth." Of the family we have previously caught glimpses in his books as one of the most aristocratic in Zenith—a circle where no Babbitt ever gains admission. "Most aristocratic," probably often means in America "richest," but Sam Dodsworth is both aristocratic and rich. He notices even after 300 years the English blood in his veins and wants to know the land of his ancestors. He is an American, but not a jingo. With him travels his wife, Fran. She is already over forty while he is fifty. She is a cool beauty, "virginal as the West wind," though she has grown children. In the European atmosphere she blossoms out as a brilliant flower of luxury, reveling in vanity, pleasure, and selfishness. She goes so far that the quiet man who loves her must leave her to her fate. .

But once alone he meditates on the problem "Europe-America" and as a real business man he wants to clear up his accounts with both. He thinks of many things, honestly and without prejudice. One of his observations is that the very soil in Europe has some of the old-time quiet, which America, the land of restless record-hunters, lacks. But America is the land of youth and daring experiments. And when he returns there, we understand that the heart of Sinclair Lewis follows him.

Yes, Sinclair Lewis is an American. He writes the new language—American—as one of the representatives of 110,000,000 souls. He asks us to consider that this nation is not yet finished or melted down; that it is still in the turbulent years of adolescence.

The new great American literature has started with national self-criticism. It is a sign of health. Sinclair Lewis has the blessed gift of wielding his land-clearing implement, not only with a firm hand, but with a smile on his lips and youth in his heart. He has the manners of a pioneer. He is a new builder.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 523*)

imagined under these circumstances. When in addition two young women, sisters of the farmer with whom he is living, are added to the list of worries when both fall in love with him, it can hardly be wondered that Mr. Manning-Sander's hero occasionally thinks with longing of his former life, in which nothing more pressing than debts and an unfaithful wife had fallen to his lot.

The amply interesting story is told with fulness of detail and considerable pictorial skill by the author, who rightly stresses the unreal side of the adventure rather than the all too credible newspaper clipping atmosphere in which such things probably take place in actuality. Indeed it is with something of a shock that one realizes from an occasional reference to the radio or the farm automobile that St. Raime's is supposed to be a village of 1930. The gloom and grandeur of Mr. Manning-Sander's somewhat weighty prose is becomingly fitted to this atmosphere, seldom shot with a ray of gaiety. Throughout the spectre of Thomas Hardy is all too prominently present, even when the author descends at times to a sentiment surprisingly undiluted with irony. As a whole his book is an admirable attempt to treat a large subject on a large scale, in which, unfortunately, conventional conceptions of the novel of the soil have been too clearly held in mind.

FRANCIS VIELÉ-GRIFFINS: SON ŒUVRE, SA PENSÉE, SON ART. By *Jean de Cours*. Paris: Champion.

DIE ENGLISCHE LITERATUR DER VEREINIGTEN STAATEN VON NORDAMERIKA. By *Walther Fischer*. Potsdam: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft Athenaion.

Books Briefly Described

LETTERS OF SARAH BYNG OSBORN. Edited by JOHN MCCLELLAND. Stanford University Press. 1930. $2.25

Lively epistles of an eighteenth century gentlewoman reflecting public happenings and domestic routine of her day. Mrs. Osborn had a wide acquaintance and broad interests, and her letters are an informative if informal gloss upon her period.

I MARRIED A RANGER! By MRS. "WHITE MOUNTAIN" SMITH. Stanford University Press. 1930. $2.50.

An intimate biographical record recounting the experiences of the first woman Government employee at the Grand Canyon who eventually became the wife of the ranger. Filled with anecdote and personal incident it is a portrayal of life in the "great, open spaces" as lived by a woman of culture who introduced into its isloation the amenities of society.

WASHINGTON: A Not Too Serious History. By GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN. Baltimore: Norman Publishing Co. 1930.

A comprehensive chronicle, with many interesting illustrations, of the history of the national capital. Incidentally much general matter having bearing upon the development of the city is introduced, such as description of early methods of travel, old customs, and old institutions. The book is supplied with an index and a useful bibliography.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*.

M. C. S., Clemson College Library, S. C., sends the names of the following books "that tell of the life and work of successful leaders in rural communities," saying that these are all in this library and that larger agricultural libraries must have others, as "I can't believe that all the rural leaders die unsung."

Ivins, L. S. & Winship, A. E.—Fifty famous farmers. (Macmillan)

Mairs. T. I.—Some Pennsylvania pioneers in agricultural science. (State College, Pa.)

R. U. S. Rural uplook service; a preliminary attempt to register the rural leadership in the U. S. and Canada. (Ithaca, N. Y.)

Atkinson, Wilmer—Wilmer Atkinson, an autobiography, founder of the Farm Journal. (Phil. Wilmer Atkinson)

Casson, H. N.—Cyrus Hall McCormick, his life and his work. (McClurg)

Hastings, F. S.—A ranchman's recollections. (Chicago, The Breeder's Gazette)

McMahon, J. R.—Success in the suburbs. (Putnam)

Mitchell, D. G.—My farm at Edgewood. (Scribner)

Roberts, I. P.—Autobiography of a farm boy. (Lyon)

N. L. O., Winter Park, Fla., asks for a bibliography of works in English or American literature in which the so-called Doppelgänger, spiritual or ghostly double or counterpart, occurs. He says, "It is common in the works of the German, E. T. A. Hoffman; the only English instance I know is Poe's short story, 'William Wilson.' Give only works of literary value, for it is sometimes to be found in detective stories. It appears mostly episodically, such an important rôle as it plays in 'William Wilson' being rare."

THE best use of the double in modern literature is made by Osbert Sitwell in "The Man Who Lost Himself" (Coward-McCann). The appearance of a double should be momentary as well as momentous; in the best actual instances he is reported as coming but once, curdling the marrow not by anything in his look or conduct, but just because he is there at all, and when he comes, straightway something of crucial importance takes place. There would be something ludicrous about a *Doppelgänger* who kept hanging around. In Mr. Sitwell's story the man meets himself but twice, the second appearance being clearly implicit in

(*Continued on next page*)

THE LIVES OF A
BENGAL LANCER
by Major F. Yeats-Brown

"Athrill with interest and enthusiasm . . . a splendid book." HENRY JAMES FORMAN, N. Y. Times

"Extraordinarily exciting and illuminating." DAILY MAIL, London

"The only book by an Englishman on India since Kim." DHAM GOPAL MUKERJI

"...one of the most remarkable books in modern literature." RABINDRANATH TAGORE

"It tugs at the memory and draws a man into day-dreaming." HAROLD LAMB

"An amazingly interesting book . . . carries a varied appeal." KERMIT ROOSEVELT

"The finest thing ever done about mysterious and fabulous Hindustan by a writer from the West." LOWELL THOMAS

"A unique book . . . we are the richer for it, the wiser for it . . . we have shared his fine adventure." HUGH WALPOLE

"It is so racy, so breathlessly rapid, so straight and simple in its English . . . he was born to write." J. C. SQUIRE

"If Major Yeats-Brown has anything further to say he will find an audience leaning forward in their seats. His book is magnificent." WILLIAM McFEE, N. Y. Eve. Sun

"The most beautiful and exciting thing I have read this year . . . beauty . . . wisdom . . . high and gleaming excitement." ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"In every fortunate book season, at least one book of extraordinary freshness appears . . . The Lives of a Bengal Lancer is such a book." HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"In its breadth of scope nothing but Forster's 'Passage to India' can be compared with it . . . adventure in the widest sense . . . vigor and beauty have gone into the writing of it . . . a dramatic and unusual book." BLAIR NILES

"Here is sensational stuff . . . a prose that races with the clean gallop of one of his own polo-ponies . . . carries you confidently with the winds of adventure in your teeth." COREY FORD

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the first; one comes at the turning-point of his career, the other at its culmination; on the first occasion he falls in a faint and on the second he drops dead. Add that in neither case there is anything "ghostly" about the apparition, and that it is in both cases, possible, by taking subtly offered suggestions that you will not take, to explain the phenomenon on purely natural grounds, and you have as good a ghost of this type as could be found in modern fiction. The portrait in Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Grey," which takes on the stigmata of vice and crime while the subject's face remains unchanged, serves the purpose of a double, and the confrontation at the close fulfils the duty of an apparition. Two titles come to the mind of any cataloguer, Edward Everett Hale's "My Double and How he Undid Me," and Dostoievsky's short story, "The Double," in "The Eternal Husband," but neither of these have I read. The inquirer's requirements rule out mere physical counterparts, with which the stage has been well supplied since, and no doubt before, Plautus, whose use Shakespeare did not disdain, and of which in recent years "The Masquerader" proved the lasting popularity and "The Guardsman" afforded a burlesque. Literature has plenty of these, and *Life* long ago provided a durable joke about a man who when asked how he told which of the Peach-blossom twins he was engaged to, replied that he did not try. But there are, as this reader has found, few adequate examples of the *Doppelgänger*, the *Bleiche Geselle* of Heine's lyric, who got into music by way of Schumann, and still sets up at his first hollow, clanging chords, the right authentic shudder. There was one in Calderon's play, "El Embozado o El Encapotado," which Shelley was reading not long before he "saw the figure of himself which met him as he walked upon the terrace, and said to him, 'How long do you mean to be content?'" This sentence, but not the reference to Calderon, I took from Clutton-Brock's admirable study, "Shelley: the Man and the Poet" (Dutton). There is a well-authenticated story that Goethe once saw himself out riding, under circumstances that did not occur till years later. History is richly furnished with such portents; it seems to have been hard to die without one, over a certain rank and at certain periods. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been so warned, and Miss Strickland says that she was seen by a lady-in-waiting, walking in quite another part of the palace from the room where she was defying death from the floor. Lord Napier met himself before he died, and Lady Diana Rich came upon herself in the avenue at Holland House and was gone soon after. Other less illustrious but less remote examples may be found in that curious and convinced work, "Real Ghost Stories," by W. T. Stead, of which an edition appeared from Stead's Publishing House in 1921: they are in a section on "The Thought Body, or, The Double."

There may be doubles in "Visions and Beliefs of the West of Ireland" (Putnam), by Lady Gregory and W. B. Yeats,—there is almost everything else—but it is a long while since I had at hand a copy of this book. Not long after it came out, enthralled by the first-hand reports of leprachauns, banshees, and the like, I lent my copy to a devout and delightful lady raised in this region, who had at that time for some years been doing our cooking. Some ten days later, during which time the book scarce left her side, she told me she was not going to give it back. It was not right, she said firmly, that I should own this book, for I did not believe it. Gentlest of women, she had nerved herself to what was to her mind an inexcusable disrespect and highhandedness, out of an obscure sense of responsibility to the Little People, who should be protected from an alien atmosphere. So I turned over my rights and she bore away the book and gave me a copy of "The Glories of Mary" for it—and to this day I feel myself somehow in honor bound not to own another copy of "Visions and Beliefs of the West of Ireland."

J. R. M., Princeton, N. J., has chosen Bernard Shaw as subject for a graduating thesis. He says: "Although the University Library is well stocked in Shaw and Shaviana, I am at a loss to find any serious biographical or critical study of Shaw later than Archibald Henderson's epic work of 1911. That book is now nineteen years old, and grows more out of date every time Shaw makes a speech or writes a letter." He asks for a list of books about Shaw that will add "youth and strength" to his bibliography.

LOOK in the "Dictionary to the Plays and Novels of Bernard Shaw," by C. L. and V. M. Broad, published by Macmillan in 1929, and large enough to cost four dollars. Here, together with synopses of plays and a Who's Who of characters, is a bibliography not only of his works but of the literature concerning him, with a record of the principal productions of his plays. A small book to be used as preface or accompaniment to reading, is Edward C. Wagenknecht's "Guide to Bernard Shaw" (Appleton), which discusses his theories. Shaw appears in Henderson's "European Dramatists" (Appleton, 1926) and in his "Is Bernard Shaw a Dramatist?" (Kennerley, limited edition).

There is, besides, "Euripides and Shaw," by G. Norwood (Luce); "Shaw," by J. S. Collis (Knopf); "The Genius of Bernard Shaw," by Patrick Braybrooke (Lippincott); "Bernard Shaw, the Man and the Mask," by Richard Burton (Holt); "Bernard Shaw," by Edward Shanks (Holt); "Mencken and Shaw," by Benjamin De Casseres (Newton, 75 Varick Street, N. Y.), and G. K. Chesterton's "George Bernard Shaw" (Dodd, Mead). Shaw literature abounds in by-products: "Tales: Told in the Jungle," by Gwladys Even Morris, (Stokes) gives allegorical versions; Shaw liked what he calls her "Lamb's Tales from Shaw" and said so. Another by-product is Dan Rider's "Adventures with Bernard Shaw" (Kennerley) which are really adventures with the waste paper the writer found in rooms on Fitzroy Square he took over when Shaw left them to get married, waste paper that turned out to be original manuscripts. These rooms, I may add, were occupied last season by a sweatshop which worried the neighborhood by working overtime. To these one should add, "Taking the Curtain Call," by Doris Arthur Jones (Macmillan), which though a biography of Henry Arthur Jones and a good one in itself, will go into all the Shaw bibliographies because it has a number of hitherto unpublished and striking letters from Shaw in his younger days. Professor William Graves of Ohio State University told me when I was last in Columbus that he has a set of Shaw records, called "Spoken English and Broken English," made by G. B. S. for the Linguaphone Institute, 24-27 High Holborn, London W.C.1, and I have just set my scouts upon their trail. Having waited all this time to set up a phonograph, I am now beginning in style, with uniquities like the Sitwells' "Facade," which is being sent me from overseas.

Books Briefly Described

(*Continued from preceding page*)

UP THE LADDER OF GOLD. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Little, Brown. 1930.

A novel that runs true to the Oppenheim type. It develops its plot about the possessor of an enormous fortune and unlimited power who corners the gold of the world in order to make war impossible. The scene shifts from one capital to another and the personalities of the story are imaginary statesmen of great importance.

THE SHARPLES: Their Portraits of George Washington and His Contemporaries. By KATHARINE MCCOOK KNOX. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1930. $6.

An elaborately illustrated record of the work of an English portrait painter and his wife, also a portrait painter, who, visiting here in 1793, painted many portraits of Washington and other notables of the day.

A CHATEAU AT THE FRONT: 1914-1918. By the MARQUISE DE FOUCAULT. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $4.

A spirited account of experience, first with the invading Germans, and after their retreat with the life of civilians domiciled just back of the front. A well written, interesting book, first-hand in its knowledge and as much a document of war as more sensational stories of the trenches.

THE NEGRO WAGE EARNER. By LORENZO J. GREENE and CARTER J. WOODSON. Washington: Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. 1930. $3.25.

A statistical study of the work of Negroes in a wide variety of occupations throughout the country in recent years. It contains a great deal of valuable evidential material.

A HISTORY OF MINNESOTA. By WILLIAM WATTS FOLWELL. Vol. IV. St. Paul, Minn.: Minnesota Historical Society. 1930.

The fourth volume of this history of Minnesota deals chiefly with the development of the great ore bodies of Minnesota and with the various political and economic chicaneries whereby the Minnesota Indians were deprived of benefits of their pinelands. Part of the book is given over to educational history.

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LETTERS OF GEORGE STERLING TO AMBROSE BEIRCE.

THE HANDBOOK OF THE PRIVATE PRESS, a guide for amateurs of Printing.

VIRGINIA CITY.

THE GRIM FOUR, a history of the Central Pacific Railroad. The above from The Westgate Press, San Francisco.

Tom Sawyer

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. By MARK TWAIN. Illustrations by Donald McKay. New York, Random House. 1930. 2000 copies. $20.

THIS edition of Tom Sawyer is bound to be commented upon, and I fancy that the majority of readers will have something like a shock when they first look at it. For in several ways it violates the conventional canons of book making.

The type is a version of that heavy faced old favorite—Old Style Antique—in which some distinguished books have been printed. *Modern Art*, Louise Imogen Guiney's "Nine Sonnets Written at Oxford," and a very fine early catalogue for Doubleday, Page & Co. come to mind. It isn't an elegant type, but it has its merits, one of which is readability. In this book it has been hand-set.

The composition is in double columns. This is interesting. I know from personal experience that the printers and publishers will hear about this from outraged readers: but why all books must be in single column (save dictionaries and such) I do not know. To say the least, double column books are interesting for a change.

The paper is not the least unusual part of this book. The colophon says that it was especially made in Germany, but many a manufacturer of "bogus" wrapping paper will claim he could do as well! But he couldn't: that's the rub. It is rough and coarse, somewhat like Tom, but also pleasing. It is especially mellow by artificial light.

The pictures have been drawn in a simple, "scratchy" technique, and printed in black with an accompanying tint. It seems to me that they lack clarity and emphasis a little: but on the whole they serve the story well, and they have been admirably fitted to type.

The binding is a very nice inspiration. A drop-repeat pattern, made up of characters and scenes from the story, has been printed or lithographed on cloth, and used for the sides, with soft leather back.

This is a perfectly sound bit of unconventional book making. It suggests the possibilities which still lie in book printing for the printer with imagination and courage. The price seems high, considering the size of the edition, but it is an interesting and satisfactory book. The printing was done by the Pynson Printers under supervision of Elmer Adler. R.

The Golden Cockerel

A JOURNEY FROM THIS WORLD TO THE NEXT. By HENRY FIELDING. With six etchings on copper by Denis Tegetmeier. Waltham St. Lawrence (England). 1930. 500 copies.

MAYA, a Play by SIMON GANTILLON, paraphrased into English by Virginia and Frank Vernon. With 13 wood engravings by B. Hughes-Stanton. Waltham St. Lawrence (England). 1930. 500 copies.

THE PHAEDO OF PLATO. Translated by BENJAMIN JOWETT. Waltham St. Lawrence (England). 1930. 500 copies.

IN spite of a certain sameness about the books of the Golden Cockerel Press, due to the use of Caslon type in most of its issues, it is one of the leading private presses of the day, and the admirable quality of its books makes it notable. For those who are not familiar with the work of this press, we recommend a perusal of Mr. Ransom's account, and his bibliography, in his "Private Presses and Their Books," published last year.

The three books at hand are of diverse interest, but all are well and truly printed. Good Caslon type, handmade paper, black ink, and stout binding make up the physical properties of these books. Much must be said for the press work in the books, and for the solid appearance of the printing. If the pages show a deficiency it is, possibly, in the lack of those ornamental details, such as running heads, which lend a pleasing variety to the printed page. But the style of the Golden Cockerel pages is after all its own, and represents a solid British quality which is not ephemeral.

Of the decorative and pictorial elements which have gone into these books something may be said. The Phædo has been adorned with some very skilful initials and title-page decorations by Eric Gill. These are printed in red, and although somewhat after the manner of Kelmscott and Vale decoration, are sufficiently open in treatment to give them a modern and appropriate feeling when printed with Caslon type.

Mr. Tegetmeier's copper line engravings for the Fielding volume are interesting because theoretically they should not go with letterpress. But by keeping the composition simple and avoiding the temptation to exploit his graver, the designer has made pictures which go well with type.

The play called "Maya" was put on the stage in New York a few years ago, and, due to the impertinence of the censors, almost immediately removed. It is a drama of Marseilles prostitutes, and those who saw it in Paris report that it was a moving and appealing play. The wood blocks which M. Blair Hughes-Stanton has made for the book are done in the modern style of engraving (familiar to us in America by the work of Lynde Warde and others), I cannot regard pictures which are out of drawing as good, and the drawing of many of these is very bad. They are, to be sure, full of symbolism, and that of a most fundamental and bizarre sort: perhaps the distorted drawing helps, but I prefer a more straightforward approach.

It can safely be said that those who purchase books from the Golden Cockerel Press can be certain that they have got good, sound volumes, books too which usually contain, in addition to satisfactory letter-press, decorative work of a high and varied quality. R.

The Ancient Mariner

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Oxford, At the University Press. 1930. 750 copies.

COLERIDGE'S poem has been given two very fine settings within the past year or two—once by Douglas Clevedon and now by Bruce Rogers. The first was reviewed some time ago in these columns: the latter has just been received.

Little of Mr. Rogers's work has been seen in this country since he left New York a couple of years ago for England. The Centaur type has been cut for the monotype machine under his guidance, and an elaborate brochure was issued showing that fine face as its designer wanted to have it shown: otherwise no work from the leading designer of printing in both countries has been seen. It is with more than ordinary interest, therefore, that one views this little book.

What is apparent on first glance is that the hand which wrought so much typographic beauty here has not lost its cunning. That sure mastery of type and space and color which graced so many scores of books for American publishers has again been at work to produce a delectable typographic bijou.

No more curious experiment could be tried than to turn loose a designer of Mr. Rogers's skill in the typographical treasure house of the press at Oxford, more especially to give him that series of Fell types which are, I venture to say, the choicest types in Christendom. For with all the skilful use

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which Oxford has made of them, no pre-eminent master has tried them out to the full. This small book is then a sort of polite and perfect tentative: what might happen if a gage were thrown down sufficient to test adequately the designer and the fonts is a fascinating hypothesis.

Mr. Rogers's love of fantastic arrangements of florets is again in evidence and again the little pieces of lead ornament have been handled in finished style. The type has been printed on a light gray paper, and the binding suggests the "eternal susurrous of the sea" which is appropriate to the poem. No more lovely or pertinent rendering of an English classic could be imagined. R.

SOME NOTEWORTHY FIRSTS IN EUROPE DURING THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By E. MIRIAM LONE. New York: Lathrop C. Harper. 1930. $8.50.

EMILY DICKINSON — A Bibliography. With a foreword by GEORGE F. WHICHER. Amherst: The Jones Library. 1930.

THERE is, perhaps, insufficient reason for grouping a bibliography of Emily Dickinson with a work on incunabula: Miss Dickinson presumably had never heard of the beginnings of printing, and certainly no fifteenth century European would have bothered either to print or to read Miss Dickinson. But as book collecting has tended more and more to develop a catholic interest in everything from Church Fathers to Miss Dorothy Richardson, it is excusable occasionally to contrast certain books which in varying degrees may be expected to be valuable for collection.

"Some Noteworthy Firsts in Europe during the Fifteenth Century" has been written admittedly for the purpose of helping collectors in a field not too well equipped with intelligible guide-posts: it has been done simply and directly with an almost diagramatic clearness, and the result is a wholly admirable book of reference that, in spite of Miss Lone's modest protests, cannot possibly be superseded for a long time. Commencing with the first book printed with movable type, the Donatus "De Octo Partibus Orationis" (Germany, about 1448), Miss Lone gives in chronological order the first books produced in each country before 1500; next, the first books printed in Gothic, Roman, Greek, and other types; the first books with colophons, dates, and titles; the first books containing registers, signatures, or pagination; the first illustrated books; the first books dealing with medicine, law, arts, and sciences; and finally a chapter of *miscellaneous firsts that do not fit into any* of the previous classifications. Only an individual who possessed an extraordinary knowledge of the subject could possibly write such a straightforward book—the temptation to make a display and to indulge in the use of mystifying technical language would be quite irresistible to anyone less perfectly equipped. Miss Lone has been honest with herself and with her readers, and the result is a handbook that really answers the purpose of providing an intelligent guide to the difficult subject of incunabula.

The Jones Library bibliography of Emily Dickinson is as different as possible in intention and in fulfilment—it is actually a short-title catalogue of Miss Dickinson's works, including periodical appearances of the few poems that were first published in such a manner before their inclusion in the volumes of collected works (four pages); this is followed by poems set to music (two pages); a section called "Biographical and Critical," which is divided into books, magazine articles, newspapers, poetry, theses (out of the seven listed, four were done for Columbia), and miscellaneous (thirty-nine pages); and "Local History Material" (two pages). As an indication of what is to be found in the Jones Library it is admirable; as anything else, it is uncertain exactly who will find it useful. It seems strange that the compilers of so many bibliographies are at times unable to realize that the public most genuinely interested in their work is made up of book collectors, of persons, in other words, who expect to have books described, as Miss Lone says, with "that exactitude which can only be attained by the study of minute details." The Jones Library gives in a prefatory note where they can too easily be overlooked, a few details about the number of copies printed in each edition of Emily Dickinson's poems, but that is all—what the books themselves are like is left to the imagination. And if, as Professor Whicher remarks in his most sympathetic introduction, "the mass of comment [on Miss Dickinson's poetry] constitutes a monument of critical ineptitude . . . all these judgments cannot be true; read *en masse*, they cancel each other out, leaving vacuity," there appears to be no reason for bothering to collect the newspapers and reviews that published them. After all, there is an excellent guide to periodical literature which may be consulted in most libraries, and collectors not unreasonably prefer to have their attention called to creative works, rather than to reviews of them. No one can object to a kind of encyclopedic inclusiveness in bibliographies, but when thoroughness is sacrificed to it, there is every reason for unusual dissatisfaction.

G. M. T.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, New Jersey. January 10th: A Collection of Maps printed and in manuscript issued prior to 1795, relating to North America. Many of the maps included in this sale belonged originally to the Earl of Bute, the Duke of Leeds, the Duke of Richmond, Sir Henry Clinton, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Simcoe. The catalogue is carefully annotated—in fact, the notes are especially well done—and the entire work deserves careful attention.

American Art Association—Anderson Galleries. January 14th: Americana, the property of Mr. Elisha W. McGuire, of Brooklyn. This library includes early almanacs; books relating to Indians, the Revolution, and early travels; Revolutionary broadsides; Indian captivities; log-books of voyages to California and China; first editions of American authors, and autographs. There are: the original edition of the "Articles of Confederation," printed at Lancaster, 1777; a Revolutionary broadside, of July, 1775, issued and signed by Jonathan Trumbull; "A Memorial containing a summary View of Facts, with their Authorities," printed by Hugh Gaine in New York, 1757, an especially early Gaine imprint of which no copy has appeared at auction since the Brinley sale in 1879; apparently the only copy known of the non-importation broadside letter issued by the New York merchants in 1769; J. G. Stedman's "Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam, in Guiana, on the Wild Coast of South America, from the Year 1772 to 1777"; the original manuscript log-book kept by L. H. Cary, second mate of the ships *Sunshine* and *Ring-Leader*, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn, and return by way of Cape Horn, London, and Boston, in 1860-1861; two copies of Washington Irving's "History of New York," New York, 1809, with the rare view of New Amsterdam; and a copy of the second issue of the first edition of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," with an autograph letter of the author's inserted.

G. M. T.

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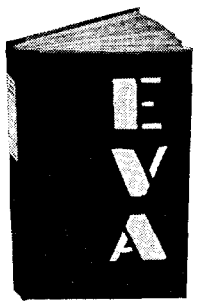

The first book issued by *The Inner Sanctum* this year is a novel from the French, entitled *Eva*—a book acclaimed abroad by ARNOLD BENNETT, ANDRÉ MAUROIS, GERALD GOULD and other eminent critics. It is the work of JACQUES CHARDONNE, whose first novel, *L'Epithalame*, had a notable success in France, and won the Northcliffe Prize in England.

Eva is distinguished by an extraordinary typographic design, and, *mirabile dictu*, by a wrapper without a single word of type—at last [page ROBERT L. RIPLEY] the blurb-less jacket. So chaste, so restrained, so decidedly Humanistic is the outer covering of *Eva* that the critics will probably change the name of this department to *The Inner Check*.

Your correspondent is going to begin the year's policy of indiscretion-until-it-hurts by admitting at once that he accepted *Eva* in London last Summer without even reading it. The reasons for this bold violation of one of the time-honored House Policies were:

(a) It had also been enthusiastically accepted by VICTOR GOLLANCZ, a British publisher famed for his uncanny sixth sense in picking winners, . . . and his sporting dare appealed to the adventurous spirit of your roving correspondent.

(b) The superlative tributes of the French and British critics, especially the comment of ARNOLD BENNETT, who called *Eva* "*very fine indeed . . . original, subtle, and witty*" . . . and ANDRÉ MAUROIS who spoke of it as "*one of the best novels of the last ten years*" and stressed "*the delicacy of the analysis and the simple perfection of the writing.*"

(c) The imprint of one of the most distinguished publishing houses of France—BERNARD GRASSET.

(d) The title

Next week's guest conductors of *The Inner Sanctum* Column will be DOROTHY PARKER and OGDEN NASH.

It won't be long now. . . On January 15th, 1931, *The Inner Sanctum* finally releases the much-heralded *Golden Treasury of Ogden Nashery*, a book eagerly awaited by a badly bruised cosmos, a volume acclaimed by SAMUEL HOFFENSKIN, DOROTHY PARKER, EDNA FERBER, EDDIE CANTOR, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, COREY FORD, NEWMAN LEVY, MILT GROSS, OLIVER LA FARGE . . . a work that will undoubtedly be resented, deprecated and abused by SENATOR SMOOT (Republican, Ut.), JOHN S. SUMNER, TOM HEFLIN, VOLSTEAD, AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON, BERNARR MAC FADDEN and BISHOP MANNING . . . an opus finally entitled *Hard Lines*, and proudly published by those pioneer NASH-ISTS

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WORLD UNITY MAGAZINE
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ALLOW us also to say our word in regard to the death of *Kin Hubbard* which occurred the day after Christmas. As you know he created "Abe Martin" the greatest cartoon character that ever emerged from Indianapolis. Abe Martin's philosophy was syndicated for twenty-six years and became known all over the country. Kin Hubbard's full name was *Frank McKinney Hubbard* and he was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio. At first he wished to be an actor, and his first job was in the local opera house. The *Indianapolis News* finally offered him a salary as political cartoonist. . . .

It is a promising era when *Sir James Jeans's* "The Mysterious Universe" has recently been a best-seller in England, even above *Edgar Wallace*. . . .

We said carelessly recently that "Mark Twain's 'Tom Sawyer' was written as a serial for *St. Nicholas*," having found the statement somewhere that we cannot now locate. *Miss Virginia Kirkus* of Harper's has been trying to prove the point and it seems that no substantiation of the statement can be found. We are very sorry. Miss Kirkus says that a part of "Huckleberry Finn," specifically termed "Cat Stories," appeared in some Century publication, probably *St. Nicholas*. . . .

"The Science of Life," which Doubleday, Doran is just publishing is an extraordinarily interesting book. Professor *Julian Huxley*, now in this country, has written it in collaboration with *H. G. Wells* and his son, *G. P. Wells*. It is a monumental work picturing the story of all things living in a single panorama. . . .

Thomas Wolfe, the author of "Look Homeward, Angel!" which caused such a sensation when it was published is engaged upon writing his second novel. He intends to call it "October Fair" . . . .

The Oxford Press publishes the "Verses of *Elizabeth Daryush*." Mrs. Daryush is the daughter of the famous poet, *Robert Bridges*, whose recent death after producing "The Testament of Beauty," vacated the post of Poet Laureate of England, a position now held by *John Masefield*. Mrs. Daryus married a Persian and spent many years in Persia. . . .

The title of *E. E. Cummings's* latest book is "CIOPW." The title is derived from the fact that the book consists of ninety-nine charcoals, ink drawings, oil paintings, pencil drawings, and water colors, reproduced in full-tone, with an introduction by the author-artist. The edition is of 391 copies, each signed by the artist, and it sells for twenty dollars. . . .

Isabel Fiske Conant very kindly sends us the following delightful verse:

DIRECTIONS FOR SADDLING PEGASUS FOR EMILY DICKINSON

See to it, winged stable-boy,
Her saddle-girth is safe;
Mettled this mount; take careful count
That not a buckle chafe.

Now Pegasus is proudest
There's pause for stirrup-cup,
And feather-drift, and a lark's lift—
And Emily up!

O flashing hooves, O trail of song!
O, least of jockey-weights!
They clear the bars, and morning stars,
And heaven's gates!

Nor can we resist printing the following parody that we have gleaned from a recent issue of *The Manchester Guardian*:

RECESSIONAL (NEW STYLE)

["An autograph manuscript of Kipling's 'Recessional' was sold for £630 at Sotheby's yesterday. It is to be sent to America."—News item.]

Far-called, our vain possessions flee;
The hall that graced an English shire
Is now transhipped to Tennessee
For coal-black mammies to admire;
We note its absence with regret,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The treasured script takes wings and flies,
The first editions all depart;
There is no thing that man can prize,
From manor house to works of art,
That doth not rise and float away
To U. S. A., to U. S. A.

The buyer comes and states his need,
The buyer waves his wad—and, lo!
Recessionals themselves recede
To where all other trophies go;
These also leave without delay
For U. S. A., for U. S. A.

With books and pictures all withdrawn
The very stones shall come unstuck;
Undoubtedly a day shall dawn
When all must take, with any luck,
The primrose (or the dollar) way
To U. S. A., to U. S. A.

When Hampton Court shall hear the call,
Trafalgar Square and Euston, too,
The Marble Arch and Albert Hall,
The Old Kent Road and Waterloo—
Believe me, it is safe to bet
They'll have them yet, they'll have them yet!

LUCIO.

The Viking Press recently gave a very nice tea for the niece of the late Czar, the *Grand Duchess Marie of Russia*, whose "The Education of a Princess" is just out. We observed many of the literati. Two who towered over the others were the nobly-proportioned *Hendrik Van Loon* and the equally massive *Heywood Broun*. We were interested in talking to the son of H. M. Tomlinson, who has not followed his father's footsteps as an author, but is a painter and engraver. *Lewis Browne* appeared, just returned from Hollywood where he had secured for himself a blonde and beautiful wife. *André Maurois*, in the middle distance, was seen holding up his end of a conversation. The affair was held at the Hotel Chatham and we found it entertaining. . . .

Review copies of *Ogden Nash's* "Hard Lines" come to reviewers with a chain and a padlock attached to them so that they shall not be stolen by those infatuated with this collection of some of the funniest verses that have been written in a long time. One of the best, to our mind, is entitled:

THESE LATINS

The bashful Spaniardess apparently finds the amorous Spaniard so menacing to her virtue
That she has to employ a duenna so that he shan't duennacing to her virtue.

We recommend "Hard Lines" to everyone who wants to laugh in a time of depression. . . .

The Kublai Khan edition of "The Travels of *Marco Polo*" published by Horace Liveright and edited by *Manuel Komroff*, with illstrations by Witold Gordon, is one of the most sumptuous volumes we have seen for some time, inclosed in a gorgeous slip-case. We believe it must have been sent to us as a Christmas present. And if so we heartily thank all the Liveright cohorts. . . .

It's about time, too, that we made a New Year's resolution to try to read most of the books that come to our desk, but if we did that we should be sure to break it. One simply can't keep up with them. Lots of them are pretty interesting looking too, but there are now so many that we have begun building a cave made out of them in which, if we get it finished in time, we may hibernate for the winter. Books make good solid walls, although they don't make such a good ceiling. They need too many supports. They give rather the effect, too, of tapestry brick. The only danger about our cave is that we shall probably start to pull a novel that looks interesting out of the north-east or south-west wall, and then the whole structure will cave in on us. "Buried Among His Books" might be the headline. . . .

The situation is really getting worse and worse. We had a new bookcase built at home, and when we had picked up a few books from the floor and off the chairs and mantelpieces it became completely full. And it didn't begin to touch all the books still at the office. We think the Happy New Year should make a resolution not to bury us under an avalanche of the mine-run of literature. We don't mind a really good book once in a way, but we seem to get just everything!

Wishing you a great 1931, and wishing that we were a plumber.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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